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Sincerely,

Hiram Haydn

Hiram Haydn
Editor, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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John Dewey's Legacy

CHARLES FRANKEL

EVEN DURING HIS LIFETIME John Dewey suffered the unfortunate fate that the gods seem to reserve for those who become too influential in philosophy. He disappeared as an individual and became a symbol. Plato, it will be remembered, fought in his letters to preserve the image of his poor singular self, and insisted that what he had taught could not be condensed into a doctrine. Even Karl Marx felt the need to remind his friends wistfully that, after all, he himself was not a Marxist. And it is difficult now to remember that John Dewey was a man, not an institution, a philosopher and not a social movement.

For more than two generations the mention of this unassuming man's name has been less an invitation to the discussion of his philosophy than a signal for the start of large debates about the ailments of the modern world. To be for Dewey has been to be for progress, reason and enlightenment. To be against him has been to be for God, the ancient values of our civilization and the triumph of spirit over matter. To himself Dewey must have seemed to be what any philosopher who is not self-deceived must seem to himself to be—an individual, working ultimately in solitude, plagued by doubts, impatient with his deficiencies, and taking a chance on such ideas as he might happen to have. But to his admirers Dewey was and is a representation of all that is most hopeful in American civilization. And to his detractors he was and remains a paradigm of some of the worst ills of our society.

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Indeed, even those for whom Dewey's name is not a battle cry find it difficult to approach his work with detachment. For whatever Dewey's influence may really have been, his ideas are in the air and his name has echoes. He stood astride an era in American thought with which we are still busy making our peace. To read Dewey's works is to be forced to ask what we ourselves, facing our own problems, really think about progressive education, the welfare state, the moral implications of science, the meaning of liberalism, or almost any one of the other contemporary issues around which intellectual controversies rage. Even when we turn to aspects of the present scene with which Dewey cannot be associated—the vogue of Zen Buddhism or existentialist theology at one extreme, the influence of linguistic philosophy on the other—Dewey's image comes to mind, teasing us to decide whether we have fallen from grace or have finally begun to recover our senses. For Dewey stands there as a palpable presence, a possible alternative. To know where we stand toward Dewey's ideas is to find out, at least in part, where we stand with ourselves.

It may be good to be reminded, therefore, as the Dewey centennial celebrations have recently done, that he was born a hundred years ago. For he lived so long and vigorously, he remains so inextricably associated in the public mind with what is "new" and "progressive," and he is still so substantial a figure among us, that it is easy to forget that he grew up in a world very different from our own. Indeed, the problems that gave Dewey's thought the shape it retained throughout his life were different in fundamental ways from the problems we face.

Dewey was born before Lincoln was President. He was fifty-five years old when the long peace of the nineteenth century collapsed into permanent war, revolution and tension. When he was a graduate student at Johns Hopkins, the most speculative of philosophies, idealism, dominated the university scene, and not the most antispeculative of philosophies, logical empiricism. The great idea that had to be absorbed into Western thinking was the theory of evolution. Socialism was a mere ideal, communism in Russia unthinkable, fascism unimagined. And Freud was unheard of, Kierkegaard forgotten, and the Orient a reality only to exotics.

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In the law and social thinking Dewey was faced by the principles of Social Darwinism and the doctrine of "natural rights" applied to the behavior of impersonal corporations. In economics he saw unbridled competition on one side, and insecurity and indignity for masses of men on the other. In politics he had to worry about a state that did too little, not a state that did too much. In the schools there was political patronage, antiquarianism and a discipline so senseless that children might even be prohibited from turning their heads in class. And in American intellectual life generally Dewey had to wrestle, not so much with the slick vulgarity that troubles us today, but with prudishness, gentility, and conceptions of culture and the good life to which only a few in a democratic and industrial age could hope to aspire.

What does a man who grew up in such a world, and whose basic ideas were shaped as answers to such problems, have to say to us? The question is all the more pertinent because Dewey was so honestly and eagerly a creature of his time. And it becomes more insistent when we examine the curious equipment that Dewey brought to his philosophical tasks.

To begin with, he wrote badly—almost, indeed, as though it were a matter of principle. Most of his books were unorganized and repetitious, many of his arguments imprecise and incomplete. At times his sentences have vigor and bite. At other times we enter a sentence of Dewey's and find ourselves in a trackless thicket, from which we emerge at the other end scratched, shaken and relieved. In Dewey's hands even individual words play tricks on us, snarling when we expect them to purr, evaporating when we expect them to stand for something solid. Dewey did not invent his own system of notation, but he did not write in ordinary English either. With some help from his long apprenticeship in German idealism, he made ordinary English over into an artificial tongue.

To be sure, there was a purpose behind this semantic mayhem. Dewey had a sense of the nuances of terms and a shrewd Yankee judgment about their ambiguities. He saw, or thought he saw, that many words we habitually use—including words like "experience," "reality," "true" and "good," which are fundamental in building our conception of the world and our place in it—have

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quite the wrong meanings attached to them as a result of their historical careers. He wanted to squeeze the wrong meanings out of these words and attach new and better meanings to them. So he used the words not as they are ordinarily used, but as he thought they ought to be used, and he frequently gave old terms new depth and power in the process.

Unfortunately, however, he did not always remember that his readers needed to be warned about what he was doing. And he frequently replaced an old ambiguity simply with a new and more troublesome polyguity. Surely, for example, it is confusing to remark, as Dewey once did, that his book *Experience and Nature* might just as easily have been called *Culture and Nature,* and that the title would not have changed its meaning with this change in its terms. Whatever the reasons may have been, Dewey wrote tortuously, inexactly, carelessly.

Nor is it only Dewey's prose that we must take into account in considering his deficiencies. It must also be said, I think, that Dewey regularly ignored important ideas and issues that were clearly relevant to the themes he chose to discuss. He wrote about logic, but he was largely indifferent to symbolic logic and the revolutionary work of Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead. He devoted much of his time to questions about the growth of personality and the education of children. But even though he continued to pay attention to these questions after 1920, he did less than disagree with Freud: he virtually ignored his existence.

Perhaps most disconcerting of all, Dewey repeatedly claimed that his ideas were supported by the logic of science and pleaded continually for the use of scientific method in all fields. But the examples of scientific thinking that Dewey offered and analyzed were only rarely examples of scientific thought at its theoretical or system-building levels. They were much more often examples taken from practical life—a doctor diagnosing a disease, an engineer planning a bridge. Compared with Russell, Whitehead, Morris Cohen or even Josiah Royce—to mention only a few of his distinguished contemporaries in philosophy—Dewey's knowledge of the sciences, and particularly of mathematics and the physical sciences, was secondhand.

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Dewey had, to be sure, an original and powerful insight into certain issues. He is clearly one of those most responsible for helping us to recognize the constructive and creative aspects of scientific thought and the difference that scientific habits of mind make in any culture that accepts them. But in the history of the interpretation of science there are men like Francis Bacon or Voltaire, who look at science from the outside, seize on some one of its features, and then go on to explain to the nonscientist the general difference that science can make in human attitudes or in standards of right reason. There are, on the other hand, men like Descartes or Immanuel Kant, who understand science from the inside, and who deal, so to speak, with some of its professional problems of logic and method as well as with its general relation to other styles of life and thought. Dewey falls somewhere between these two groups. He was neither so clear and dramatic, nor quite so superficial, as Bacon or Voltaire. But he did not have the precise grasp of details or the informed authority of Kant or of other philosophers in the American tradition, like Charles Peirce.

In fact, there is rather generally a curious remoteness about Dewey, a habit of talking around a subject without coming to close grips with it. He showed this trait even when he dealt with subjects about which he knew a good deal. Much of his philosophic writing, for example, consists of criticisms of the great historical traditions in philosophy. There are few historians of philosophy at work today, however, who would not regard the picture that Dewey drew of his philosophic ancestors as slanted and inaccurate. Again, although Dewey's central interest was in social affairs, one cannot find anywhere in his work a direct, systematic examination of major social philosophies—for example, competitive capitalism, socialism, anarchism, syndicalism, guild socialism—that were competing for men's allegiance in his day.

In short, although Dewey argued that philosophy must be a guide to the solution of concrete, practical problems, he repeatedly left his readers guessing what he himself thought about such issues. He was a man of rugged courage who was not afraid to take sides in public controversies. But in his writing he regularly stopped at just the point where we are anxious to see, if only in outline, the

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kind of practical, positive program he thought his ideas implied. He was a social reformer whose position toward socialism in America, even in the thirties, was unclear. He was a writer on morals who never discussed questions of sexual morality. He was an innovator in education whose views about progressive education are still a legitimate subject for debate. He was modest and had good sense, and this may explain why he was unwilling to pontificate in areas where no man, and least of all a philosopher, can be sure of himself. But it cannot explain the difficulty there is in determining where Dewey stood, simply as one man among other men, on many of the issues that he himself raised for discussion.

What, then, remains? Why did Dewey make the stir that he did? What did he leave that was important, and that we can choose to forget only at a great loss to ourselves?

The answer can be found, I think, only if we are prepared to look at Dewey from a point of view that is not habitual in philosophical circles today. He did not have some of the qualities that a professional philosopher ought to have. He was not an elegant thinker and not always a disciplined one. But he had a quality which can make the difference between a merely skillful philosopher and a first-rate original mind. In his own cheerful, unaggressive way he was a visionary.

It is not easy to think of this quiet, patient man in this way. He was easygoing, unimpassioned and temperate. He did not go in for flights of fancy or bursts of indignation, or indulge in the consolations of paradox and irony like those other visionaries of his generation, Shaw and Russell. He simply kept going, year after year, sticking to his guns, insistent, indefatigable, and always returning—the sure mark of a visionary—to the same basic theme.

And it was a distinctive theme, which the comparison with Shaw and Russell highlights. Shaw was fundamentally disturbed, as he once remarked, by stupidity; it was the direction of life by a consistent view of things that excited him. In Russell's work there are the twin visions of certainty in intellectual matters and justice in the arrangement of human affairs. But while Dewey did not like stupidity and injustice, what basically disturbed him was the de-

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cline of any human being's life into a state of passivity. It seemed to him to be the denial of the human birthright.

There is a sentence in Karl Marx's *Capital* which, with appropriate alterations, suggests what Dewey thought the basic human problem of his day was. Under capitalism, Marx wrote, the advance of technology and the accumulation of capital, far from helping the worker, "mutilate the laborer into a fragment of a man, degrade him to the level of appendage to a machine, destroy every remnant of charm in his work and turn it into hated toil. . . ." Dewey could not speak with the scorn and bitterness of a Hebrew prophet. Moreover, he thought too steadily in terms of the individual's day-to-day experience to believe that an abstract change in the law of property would be enough to change a man's relation to his work. He would have asked whether factories were still organized in an authoritarian manner or whether the economic revolution had been imposed without the consent of those affected. And he would have looked at other areas where human behavior is governed and human personality is shaped or misshaped—for example, at philosophies that suggest that the answer to men's problems can be found simply by consulting fixed principles, or at educational systems that make submissiveness the child's central experience in the classroom.

But Dewey would have agreed that it was the "mutilation" of the individual, the imposition upon him of an external, mechanical routine, which was the basic moral problem of industrial society. He would have thought, indeed, that it had been the moral problem of all major forms of social organization that had ever existed. And he would have felt an immediate sympathy, it may be suspected, with the direct language, the immediate and aesthetic language, that Marx employed in this passage. For the program of reconstruction in philosophy, morals and society which Dewey proposed can be understood only if we see that Dewey took the daily experience of individuals more seriously than he took anything else, and that he ultimately evaluated everything as an instrument for the enrichment of such experience.

This is the heart of Dewey's philosophy, I suggest, and the ulti-

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mate meaning that is to be attached to calling him a "pragmatist" or "instrumentalist." What Dewey wanted to see diffused throughout human life, and what he thought that democracy, science and technology could diffuse, were qualities that we find best exemplified in the arts—spontaneity, self-discipline, the involvement of the personality, and the marriage of individuality and order, the delightful and the meaningful. His enemies were routine, drill, external dictation and the ready-made in ideas; and the targets he attacked were social arrangements, educational methods or philosophical systems that seemed to promote such qualities.

Oddly enough, this philosopher who wrote so badly, whose thinking seems so homely and prosaic, and who is remembered for his glorification of science, had essentially a poet's vision of the possibilities of human life. He wished to see men's environments so ordered that the life of art was possible for all. His ideal was a world in which individuals lived with a sense of active purpose, exerting their individual powers, putting their mark on their environments, sharing their experiences, and making their own contribution to the common enterprises of humanity. He did not seem to think that this was a utopian ideal—or perhaps he did not care if it was. For he was convinced that it could be more closely approximated in the modern world than it had ever been before, and it was the only ideal which could give our power and wealth some meaning beyond themselves.

"Democracy," Dewey once wrote, and he said the same thing in one way or another again and again, "is belief in the ability of human experience to generate the aims and methods by which further experience will grow in ordered richness." It is an odd definition, and a dark one. But it becomes clearer when we put it alongside a remark he made in his book on aesthetics, *Art as Experience*. "Ultimately," Dewey wrote, "there are but two philosophies. One of them accepts life and experience in all its uncertainty, mystery, doubt and half-knowledge and turns that experience upon itself to deepen and intensify its own qualities—to imagination and art. This is the philosophy of Shakespeare and Keats."

It is a long way from the poetry of Shakespeare and Keats to a

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philosophy of democracy, but Dewey had a way of bringing distant things together. And the bridge by which he made such transitions was his theory of human experience—his conception of human life in its ideal form. He rejected any philosophy that seemed to cut human life or society to a pre-arranged form. He preferred philosophies that liberated men from leading strings and allowed them to take control of their own lives. And so he framed his moral philosophy, his educational theory and his conception of democracy not primarily in terms of abstract ideals or institutional arrangements, but in terms of the diffusion throughout a society of this distinctive sort of personal experience.

This is the vision that stands behind the freshness and power of John Dewey's insights. With this vision he turned logic, the history of philosophy, and even that most abstruse and apparently artificial of philosophical subjects—the theory of knowledge—into subjects with moral and cultural significance. He connected theory not only to practice but to a coherent image of what human life might be. And he made philosophy what it has always been when it has been most vigorous—a commentary on things outside itself and a challenge to men to make up their minds about the terms on which they are willing to conduct their business in this world. Underneath the difficulties of his language and the technicalities of his arguments Dewey's vision, it seems to me, is the source of the excitement and the sense of importance that his work communicated, and still communicates, to others.

Despite the looseness and occasional tedium of John Dewey's books, they have, then, an inner dynamism. There is a coherent theory of experience that propels them. This theory is best formulated in *Art as Experience*, the most revealing of Dewey's books, I think, and the one to which too little attention is paid. But it also controls Dewey's thinking in his books on education, morals, democracy and science. What was this theory? To what notions about human culture did it lead Dewey? How did it affect his philosophy of education and of science? These are the questions to which we must turn.

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There are for Dewey two extremes between which our experience moves. At one extreme we live by habits, which include, of course, habits of mind and feeling as well as habits of motor behavior. Without habits our lives would be unendurable: every action that was not instinctive would call for a decision. And so long as we do not meet new situations in which our habits come a cropper, our lives move smoothly. But they also move without awareness on our part, without questions, without self-consciousness.

At the other extreme from the life of habit, there is the sudden break in our routine activity, the event so new and different that we are startled into noticing it. This is what it means, in Dewey's special language, to have a "sensation." It is not a mere feeling, like the feeling of being tickled or the seeing of a brown patch of color. It is to be aroused by the unusual, to have the kind of experience in which "sensational" journalism specializes. And just as an individual is passive when he is wholly a creature of habit, he is also passive when he is overcome by sensation. It is something that happens to him, that plays over him, and that he may enjoy because it releases him from routine and returns an edge to his consciousness. But he cannot do anything about it except notice it. The moment that he can fit it into his own normal pattern of life and work it ceases to be merely sensational. It becomes something he can use, grist for his intellectual mill. It stops being a "sensation" and becomes something he can make sense of.

But these extremes of routine and shock between which so much human experience oscillates suggest what it is to have "experience" in the ideal sense. We have "an experience" when our habits are interrupted, when novelty intrudes, and when we master this novelty by developing the ideas that allow us to fit it into a new pattern of successful action. We have experiences, in short, when we solve problems. And the point of successful problem-solving for Dewey is not simply that it allows us to return to the even, habitual tenor of our ways, but that it provides us with those moments in which we are most intensely conscious of our surroundings, most aware of our own purposes, and most cognizant of the

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relation between our surroundings and our purposes. To have an experience is to have a story to tell. It is to move in an orderly way from a blocked purpose through a series of exploratory actions to a conclusion in which our purpose is realized or at least intelligibly defeated. Experience, in this sense, is its own reward. It is a means to having other experiences, but it is also—although Dewey did not like the expression—an end in itself. And in terms of this view of experience, the problematic is more interesting than what is settled, and taking risks and acting deliberately on hypotheses is to be preferred to the illusions of safety and certainty.

Dewey, it is plain, was using the word "experience" in his own way. Moreover, his theory of experience was not quite what he made it seem. Until the end of his life Dewey retained the habits of a not quite reformed philosophical idealist. He did not believe that there is a clear distinction to be made between descriptions of the facts and judgments of value, and he presented his theory of experience as though he were giving an account of the growth of experience out of habit and sensation. He admitted that human experience in fact contained many moments that were merely passages to something else and had no intrinsic worth of their own, and that there were other moments that were just dead ends. But instead of deploring these facts on explicit moral or aesthetic grounds he preferred to suggest that they were somehow instances of experience nipped in the bud, cut off before it had come to full development.

But the notion of "development" always contains an implicit standard of what is normal or desirable. We want a ten-year-old boy to grow, for example, but at some point we should also like to see him stop growing. Dewey, I believe, would have helped his readers immeasurably, and would have avoided much unnecessary controversy, if he had presented his theory of experience for what it was. It was not a psychologist's account of the laws that govern human perception or motivation, or a sociologist's account of the relation of the individual's attitudes and behavior to his culture, class or social role. It leaned on such facts (or on guesses about such facts). But its purpose was not description for its own sake; its purpose was

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to describe a kind of experience that sometimes occurs and that Dewey thought ought to occur more frequently, and to show the conditions under which such experience may be blocked or realized. Facts are not irrelevant to it; but appeal to facts alone will not suffice to justify it. We also have to share Dewey's implicit ideals.

Once we adopt these ideals even provisionally, however, a new landscape opens before us. For Dewey employed his notion of ideal experience to develop a remarkably trenchant and comprehensive critique of Western philosophy and culture. The views of human experience that had prevailed in the past were not, to his mind, transcripts of unchanging truths about the human scene. They were reflections of specific social conditions, and of conditions that need no longer exist. Men had lived in a world which for the most part they could not control. So they had looked to pure reason to provide them with a refuge, and had used philosophy to paint a picture of another and better world—a "real" world behind phenomena—where everything was permanent and safe. Even more to the point, men had lived in a social world rigidly divided into separate classes. The great majority had done manual work; a tiny minority had enjoyed leisure and "culture." So the practical, the useful, the material, had been denigrated; the contemplative and the useless had been the things to admire.

In short, such conditions had created, Dewey believed, the traditional philosophical "dualisms," the sharp divisions that philosophers had characteristically set between mind and matter, reason and the senses, values and facts. In Dewey's view intelligence, when properly understood, is the activity of a biological creature, caught in mid-passage by some block to his habits or interests, and seeking and finding new habits that will be effective in place of the routines that do not work. In such a view of intelligence there is no place for separating the work of thought and the work of the senses, the movements of the mind and the effective manipulation of the physical environment. All are phases of the same activity and all support one another. In such circumstances, mind and matter, reasoning and sensing, are effectively one, and philosophical dualisms that place them in separate categories merely reinforce attitudes and

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habits of behavior that prevent men from having experience in its ideal form.

Once more, of course, all this raises questions. But before we turn to these questions, it is important to see what we can easily fail to see. In a sense, Dewey's ideas suffer from their very sanity: we may not recognize how fresh and radical they were. For Dewey's conception of intelligence restored men to a view of themselves that the most powerful traditions in Western philosophy and religion had tended to obscure.

If Dewey was right, then the mind is not a mysterious ghost in the machine of the body. It is simply one type of physical disposition and activity. If Dewey was right, there is no world of eternal ideas, and no order of original, pure perceptions, to which our ideas must conform. Our ideas derive their meaning from the uses we give them in specific contexts of language and inquiry. And if Dewey was right, our thinking does not normally fall into neat, military divisions marked "thinking about facts" and "thinking about values." Accordingly, moral insight is not the special prerogative of the humanities or religion or metaphysics; and if men in these fields have opinions about either facts or values, these opinions must meet the same tests that beliefs in any other field must meet.

But questions remain. There are questions, for example, about the accuracy of Dewey's account of the philosophical past, and questions, as well, about the lengths to which Dewey's fear of "dualisms" led him. To argue, for instance, that thinking about values is not independent of thinking about facts is one thing. But to say that a value judgment cannot be distinguished from a judgment about the facts is quite another. Yet this is what Dewey sometimes seems to suggest. But perhaps the greatest question raised by Dewey's theory of experience and culture, which is to say his notion of right experience and right culture, is the implicit value judgment that it involves. "Ideas are worthless," Dewey wrote, "except as they pass into actions which rearrange and reconstruct in some way, be it little or large, the world in which we live." Surely it can be agreed that a life devoted exclusively to the mental rehearsal of

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possibilities would be a thin and cold affair; and it can also be agreed that a society which does not use its ideas to guide its behavior will be blind or reckless in what it does. But the kind of play of the mind that is sheer play, that does not involve an irritable reaching after decisions and programs, seems to me to have a place in any calendar of the virtues that is circumspectly drawn.

No doubt Dewey did not mean to deny this value utterly. Passages certainly can be found in his books where he tries to make a place for it and emphasizes its importance in enriching experience and in bringing it the qualities of humor and compassion. But I do not think that even his stanchest defenders will say that he did not emphasize doing and acting even more, or that it was not characteristic of him to be impatient with thought for thought's sake. He spoke for men in a rising democracy, energetic, busy, committed. But a democratic culture will be richer if it can also find a place for the disengaged mind and for a kind of thinking that is not necessarily a prelude to action.

This element of distortion in Dewey's point of view seems to me to affect his views on both science and education. His most important contribution to the philosophy of science is undoubtedly his "instrumentalist" theory of ideas. Although he owed this theory in large part to Charles Peirce, he developed and applied it with an originality that was his own. Very briefly, this theory holds that an idea is an instrument by which we move from situations in which we do not know what to think or how to act to situations in which our perplexities are dispelled. Ideas are leading principles, rules which tell us what observations to make and what inferences to draw from our observations. The truth of an idea, therefore, is a matter of its effectiveness in leading to successful predictions and to actions in which our purposes are realized—in short, its effectiveness in dealing with the particular problem that it was created to solve.

The instrumentalist theory is an immensely liberating one. It explains the function of fundamental scientific ideas like the theory of the atom and tells us what we mean when we call such ideas true even though we cannot directly observe the objects whose structure

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they purportedly describe. And it can be used—Dewey, in fact, did use it with great success—to dispel a host of perennially disturbing problems. In moral philosophy, for example, it has traditionally been thought that we cannot rationally determine how we ought to behave unless we have some abstract definition of "good" and "right" with which to work. But Dewey argued that our moral dilemmas arise only in definite situations where individual or social interests are blocked. What we do in such circumstances is to work out some plan of action that will eliminate the specific conflict that is troubling us. And we test this plan, not by its agreement with some general definition of "the good," but by its feasibility and its consistency with other values we actually hold. Particularly when Dewey dealt with the logic of our practical judgments he exhibited, it seems to me, a shrewd, close grasp of the facts and a stubborn resistance to traditional intellectual follies—two qualities, it must be confessed, that are not entirely usual among philosophers.

But Dewey had the defect of this virtue. As one of his early essays, "The Logic of Practical Judgment," states explicitly, he believed that scientific thinking could be made to fit the model of practical judgment. At the very least, this is an overstatement. For while it is true that many fundamental scientific ideas have an instrumental function, it is a gross simplification (as Dewey himself sometimes recognized) to say that they are tools for manipulating the environment. Their acceptance in a scientific system depends equally on purely intellectual considerations such as economy, elegance and the possibility of connecting them with other systems. Moreover, Dewey's insistence that thinking always remakes and reforms the materials on which it works makes it difficult to find a place for the clearly primary objective of theoretical science—namely, to understand a world whose structure does not depend on what we think or do about it. Dewey repeatedly failed to distinguish between facts as they exist and those beliefs about the facts that have the warrant of science at some particular time. But unless this distinction is kept clearly and uncompromisingly in mind we cannot explain what Dewey himself thought the hallmark of scientific thinking—its openness to correction by further evidence.

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Dewey's view of science, indeed, has something a little dated about it. It seems to be the view of a man whose fundamental ideas about science had been formed before the rise of modern physics, which, for all its practical and ominous usefulness, describes a world that transcends almost all our practical and habitual expectations. When Dewey argued that "scientific method" or "scientific habits of thought" should be diffused throughout society, what did he mean by these elusive phrases? The science that played the greatest role in Dewey's thinking was biology; and what he meant by "the scientific attitude," I would suggest, was primarily the evolutionary attitude—a recognition that nothing is exempt from change, that new circumstances require new ideas and institutions, and that we should measure the worth of these ideas and institutions not in terms of allegedly eternal truths, but in terms of their contribution to the control of the human environment and the satisfaction of human interests. He was right to have believed that if such an attitude could be generally diffused in a society, a remarkably liberating revolution would take place. And he would be equally right to say, as he surely would today, that some appreciation of the intellectual significance of contemporary science should be regarded as a necessity for all educated men in our society. But the view of science and scientific method which he held is not one which is likely to warn us about the extraordinary difficulty of this task.

And so we come, by a quite natural transition, to Dewey's philosophy of education. I must be brief, and I speak with the diffidence that befits any discussion either of Dewey or of education. Dewey's philosophy of education, as Sidney Hook has argued, rests on two pillars—first, a commitment to democracy and a belief that the habits developed in the classroom are as important to a student's effective participation in democracy as the facts and ideas he acquires; second, a belief that the content and methods of instruction should be governed by the best scientific knowledge available. To this certain other propositions may also be added. Teaching is effective only when the student's perspective is taken into account and only when his active interest and participation in the work of the classroom is aroused. Further, since we do not under-

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stand facts or ideas until we know how to use them, the student must be provided with facts and ideas in contexts in which he can put them to use and test them out for himself.

Any teacher can report how easy it is to forget these principles in everyday practice, and yet they may seem too obvious to constitute a significant educational philosophy. But if they do seem obvious, this is a measure of Dewey's achievement. For they were not at all obvious when he first began to write on education. In 1892, for example, Joseph Rice made a survey of American schools in thirty-six cities. He told the story of a teacher in Chicago who, after asking a question, would say, "Don't stop to think. Tell me what you know!" In New York, Rice asked a school principal whether students were allowed to turn their heads. The man replied, "Why should they look behind when the teacher is in front of them?" This is the sort of thing that Dewey was thinking about when he emphasized that teachers teach students and not only subjects, that a spirit of inquiry should animate the classroom, and that play too has its educational uses. It is grossly untrue to say that Dewey had insufficient respect for the intellectual goals of education. His philosophy was not an attempt to make the schools more frivolous. It was an attempt to return the schools to seriousness.

But Dewey, unhappily, did write vaguely. In the hands of eager disciples, his language, never an adequate instrument for the communication of ideas, has been converted into a jargon that hides them. Moreover, as Dewey himself pointed out late in life in his little book *Experience and Education*, his philosophy of education had merely been an attempt to emphasize neglected issues in education. But many of his admirers have taken a matter of emphasis for the whole story. Although I remain diffident, I cannot forebear saying that the results have frequently been bizarre.

I can mention only one issue, an issue raised by Dewey's emphasis on "the practical." It has led, I would suggest, to a mistaken conception of the kind of thing that needs to be done to involve a student actively in the learning process. Dewey was right to think that a student will master an idea only when he has had a chance to use it for himself. But it is wrong to conclude that the student can

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learn the use of important ideas by focusing primarily on homely problems within the round of his daily experience. If ideas have a direct bearing on such issues, that is all to the good. The alert teacher will exploit the opportunity. But we learn the distinctive function of an important idea when we see it at work, not simply reorganizing the world we have known, but leading to other worlds we might never have imagined otherwise. Accordingly, unless the student's attention to things outside his ordinary world is deliberately engaged, and unless his perceptions are liberated from domination by the familiar, the school will not have done its job.

Although Dewey would undoubtedly have agreed with this truism, I believe that he must bear some of the responsibility for the tendency of those who espouse his educational philosophy to forget it. For there is a repeated error into which Dewey falls in his educational philosophy, and in his philosophy in general. He wished passionately to show that the everyday practical experience of men could have an ideal dimension. But he slid from this idea to the quite different one that a man's—or a child's—experience must always have a practical dimension.

And yet these criticisms do not touch the heart of what John Dewey succeeded in doing. He thought that philosophy was an instrument by which a society criticizes itself, throwing off the ideas that block its development and finding the possibilities within itself that it might work to realize. He set himself to this task and performed it with a quiet, steady passion, magnanimously, imaginatively, without nostalgia for the past or regret for the comforting dogmas that had to be sacrificed. And he put his finger on the two main issues of his day—the steady growth in the importance of science and the struggle to extend democracy—and revealed their moral meaning, their possibilities for our day-to-day experience.

Dewey helped men to see that science meant something much more than an increase in their power to control their environment. He showed that science challenged inherited forms of authority and offered an alternative way by which men could stabilize their lives. And despite all his emphasis on practical manipulation and

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control, Dewey also showed that science represented a revolution in the human imagination, extending human horizons and making men aware of remote and unfamiliar things. So he brought science to the same test that he brought everything else—its impact on men's immediate experience; and he taught men to value science for what it could do to enhance the meanings they found in their everyday lives.

He transformed the theory of democracy in a similar way. "The one thing in the world of value," Emerson once wrote, "is the active soul." This was the central point of Dewey's theory of experience, and it is the source of his conception of democracy. Only in a society in which the lines between classes are fluid and in which men freely mingle and communicate with one another, Dewey believed, can active souls be generated everywhere. And so he saw that democracy could mean something much more than a political form. It could mean a change in the quality of a culture, an opportunity for men to experience more and to live more intensely.

Without vanity or pretentiousness, John Dewey made himself a spokesman for the best hopes of his generation. And to our generation he leaves the image of a man of unforced courage and honesty, living by choice in the mainstream of events, and yet rising above events to a coherent vision of what men might make of themselves. He helped us to see farther and to move more freely. It is to him as much as to anyone that we owe what belief we have that our own place in history can be an opportunity and not a fatality.

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Within the Dark

MELVILLE CANE

I search to find you in the shining day.
In vain.
This shallow radiance
Advances merely to the outer eye,
Reveals no deeper than the natural scene
Of earth to sky
And then lets down its screen.

Beneath, behind,
My vision fails
(Your vision veiled)
And I'm undone and blind.

Now darkness spreads and swells the dark within.
I close the door and move across the room
You brightened once, now tenanted by gloom.
Oh, dare I hope that what has been
May come to pass again!

I draw the curtains, strike a flickering match,
Linger before the fireplace,
Wait for the wood to catch,
Invoke the gradual flame, the missing face.

I seek a light that lies beyond the sun,
(Nor here, within this fire) a sacred source
That emanates from blackness and that runs
Along no earthbound course.

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The embers sag, the rose dissolves to ash,
The hovering darkness deepens and surrounds,
And I am stayed and heartened by the hush,
The gathering calm, the quietude profound.

Beneath this calm a hidden current stirs;
A faint, insistent rumor on the night,
Whispers of memory, a messenger's
Annunciation heralded in light.

The rumor grows; I reconstruct the scene:
Your final presence here, the season, late
October, golden-leaved; our world serene.
We sat, as I do now, before the grate,

The room unlit, as now, the fading glow
Defining, as it spread, your shadowy form.
Your hand reached mine; we were contented so;
And we were close and intimate and warm.

And we were stilled and captive in the peace
That welled from silence and that held us free
To fathom love, to salvage and release
The rich deposit of our constancy.

This was our harvest time, our ripened years,
A fruitage formed and firmed of mutable skies
Now warmed with joy, now watered deep with tears.
(Too swift, alas, the frost!) Our autumn dies.

We stirred and eased our clasp; I slowly rose,
Flicked on the light and sparked your cigarette.
You smiled: "Let's have some music; yours to choose."
I set the record of a Brahms quartet,

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While you stood up to fetch your sewing box,
Then settled down domestically to heal
The laundry's wounds. The task of mending socks
For you was neither boredom nor ordeal.

Whether to build a fire, broil a steak,
Arrange a bowl of peonies, restore
A frazzled cushion or a cracked antique,
You were at home with each familiar chore.

I poked the embers, fed the struggling flare.
Our talk ran on—the promise of years to come,
My poems to be, your classes on the Square,
Or gaily sailing to Byzantium.

We were there, completely together, close and sure,
Single in feeling, one in flavor and grain,
Rapt in an exquisite, rarefied aura of pure
Lumination. Never to bless us again.

Midnight stole in and caught us by surprise.
We roused ourselves to take a look at the weather;
We stepped into the deep outdoors; the skies
Loomed clean and crisp, and the stars sang together.

Aglow, we sauntered back. I locked the door,
Snapped on the upstairs light. "Good night!" . . . "Sleep well!"
Your farewell country slumber. Nevermore
The country joys, the home you loved so well.

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Social and Psychoanalytical Reflections on the Father

NORMAN KELMAN

THE HISTORY AND MATRIX out of which these reflections on the father grew are as important as the fruits to which they point. In a real sense, they speak of the ground on which I stand, a more concrete designation, I believe, than that implied in a "viewpoint." The particular sources of my explorations are psychoanalytic experience, work with educators on problems of learning, and the current situation of juvenile unrest. My concern has grown out of encounters with parents and children in therapeutic work, and in seminar discussions in which the dilemmas and paradoxes of life were painfully exposed, and for which comfortable systematic answers were no longer adequate. Finally, this concern emerges with a compelling necessity at a time when many of us believe we have come to the end of an era.

There are events—such as the invention of the wheel, the discovery of the shape of the earth, the harnessing of steam—that from later perspectives have been recognized as points of ending and beginning. Today we have the confluence of several events, the effects of which are so monstrous that we can know even in their midst, know deep in our bones, that we stand at a nodal point in man's history.

You undoubtedly know the events to which I refer, but it is important to speak of them; for, like a chant or a Greek chorus, they provide that background without which an essay is a monologue with no tension, rather than a real question. We are possessed by

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some things, I emphasize *things*, that have made a shambles of one of the artifacts that has aided the governance of our life: time. Jet propulsion has changed man's relation with man overnight rather than over the centuries or decades that other innovations in mobility have required. Nuclear energy, held so tenuously in our hands that it seems arrogant to speak possessively of it, is a force of such enormity that the thing itself, rather than the institutions that sponsored its emergence, seems to be in charge. It is frightening to realize that sixteen years ago this potential was unrealized, that fourteen years ago one man standing at the head of one nation could have said Yes or No to its unleashing, and that today no man or institution feels confident to hold it. And the fantastic paradox is that a single man in a giant bomber could release this destruction. Finally, within the past twenty-five years we have witnessed a nation that to many represented the pinnacle of reason, of culture, of industriousness—Germany—demonstrating the fullest extent of bestiality, evil and complacency.

These are the events. They have shocked some into numbness, some into the shallows; they must make all of us pause. And into one of the pauses the New York *Times* of January 11 dropped a report that still outrages, and that gives crucial impact to the explorations of this paper. The headline reads, "Psychologists Term Hate Wave Fad Like Kilroy and Hula Hoop." The article reports that a psychoanalyst, referring to the recent wave of anti-Semitism, said, "It's a way to act out hostility and aggression. It's the idea of besmirching something belonging to older people, usually to one's own parents—of expressing resentment." Thus far the statement is, at most, dispassionate, even open to academic discussion. But the *Times* article goes on to ultimate impoverishment of psychoanalytic understanding: "With regard to Kilroy, Dr. Meerloo suggested it was an outlet for the hostility of enlisted men toward officers. He noted the first syllable of the name, equating it psychologically with the verb 'to kill.' " Kilroy, a man's name, a call out of the mud and cold of Anzio, Omaha Beach, the Bulge, the humor and the greatness of "I was here, note it well" equated psychologically with the verb "to kill." Absurd! But more than absurd: dangerous, yes, evil. And to make the case more emphatic, to invoke the fun, the

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joy, the flowing grace of little girls and their hula hoops in the same breath with the heirs of Buchenwald: this is the final impoverishment and distortion resulting from dehumanizing abstraction. Gone are flesh and blood, love and hate, meaning and person.

So, you might say, these reflections of mine arose out of work, out of certainty and complacency, out of scientific systematizing, and then out of uncertainty, doubt, conversation and outrage. They have come from the work that psychoanalysis engages in, with persons, not things, with human beings, not diseases. They have arisen from a pervasive sense that there is death in the air, a sense that life has an end, and the heartening and frightening fact that five thousand children are born each hour. I begin also without the comfort of the Christian notion of resurrection. I start with the experience that man has to some extent the possibility of directing his own life, a gift for which he shares responsibility, if he is present, *himself*, not as an abstraction or a number. In short, this essay arose out of life, out of existence in twentieth-century Western civilization and in our specific culture.

Ours is a Judaeo-Christian-Hellenic culture in a deeper sense than it is a technological culture. And this designation represents issues at the core of our being even more fundamental than those formulated as human-animal tensions or those involved in the relation between individual and environment.

I shall, without being completely subjective, attempt to stay close to, engaged in, the concreteness of these times: this is to me characteristic of the Judaic element. I shall struggle to avoid the dehumanizing solution of making a system or designating an essence, while achieving the detachment necessary for reflection: the method and mood of the Hellenic tradition. For these are also the horns of our dilemma: the one is reason without commitment, the other, commitment with a deep passion. Tension is the necessary consequence. But, perhaps, the dilemma of the fool who knows he is a fool is both the problem and the virtue of man. And out of this tension the words of Martin Buber, "If not now, when?" ring an insistent call.

This call comes more urgently when in analytic work I find men and women becoming parents, in the formal sense, but missing

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at so many points really being parents. I find children wandering in the midst of people but having to turn into themselves, into thumb-sucking, masturbating, blanket-clutching, for something that one can expect to receive from parents. Moreover, I find, among highly sophisticated people, a readiness to justify, as a phase through which the child is going, compulsive behavior that speaks to us of deep anxiety and alienation. And then, as children grow older and come to the moment of leaving home, we find parents clutching at something they have hitherto neglected—some contact with the growth missed because it was felt too often as a burden, or as something to control or train.

And so Buber's words, "If not now, when?" come again and again as life slips by, so often unnoticed. And in times that seem out of joint the importance of speaking out becomes more insistent.

This essay, part of a larger inquiry concerned with communication between the generations, focuses primarily on the father. However, considerable reference will have to be made to the mother, and to the differences between men and women. I shall also refer to some psychoanalytic observations that indicate the father's significance in the therapeutic process. I shall point to some current social phenomena that reveal to me the necessity for re-examination of our psychoanalytic understanding of the father. This entails a critique of Freud's theory of the family, and the presentation of an alternative approach. And all of this is embedded in the matrix and mood I have already referred to as giving rise to these reflections.

Psychoanalytic observations: Certain psychoanalytic experiences have been insistent. It does not matter whether the actual family structure can be described as that of a domineering mother or an authoritarian father; of an absent father or mother; of both parents forming a monolithic *one*, devoted to or opposing the child—whatever the case, the father (and sometimes the grandfather) has appeared in dreams and associations at almost predictable moments in analysis. This takes place with both women and men patients. What is also significant is that collateral relatives—uncles, aunts, cousins —even though in the actual life history they may have been promi-

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nent, rarely enter dreams. Another observation is the relative infrequency of siblings in dreams and associations when the analysis enters, let us say, the depths.

What are some of the moments in which the father appears? One group could be called "moments of emergence from seclusion or protection." Thus, when a person is on the verge of leaving a neurotic solution that has pervaded his life, perhaps to the extent of being his major orientation toward life, there may be dreams or rememberings that involve the father. When, in analysis, the inner forces are such that the patient is able to expose himself, to loosen himself from the protectiveness of his major solution, the father may appear in positive forms. When the patient is moving out of a given solution, but the opposing threat is too great, the father may appear in threatening forms. With any one person, this tendency has shown itself repeatedly in recollections and historical associations to the father—at one time positive, helping recollections come up; at another time the same father is remembered largely for his antipathetic qualities.

The father also often appears at moments of "becoming involved in conflict." Here the patient may reach out, through dreams and associations, to a father for judgment, for a decision, for someone to hold to. One patient's dream that typifies this was in the form of a conflict between the patient and her mother and involved a challenge to the patient's façade of generosity. Her father, in the background, remained silent, observing and uninvolved. The patient was silently and unavailingly appealing for aid and judgment. It was possible to mark her attempt to emerge from her resignation from life by the recurrence of her father in recollections and a kind of mute appeal for his presence. In the early analytic work, during which she often referred to historical material, one might have thought her without a father. As she became more involved in therapy, her recollections and her dreams brought out much of his absentness, the remoteness she connected with her father.

Another time at which the father appears is in moments of despair. Then there is the quality of rudderlessness, of being without direction, of being lost in space, or of being suspended in space but anxious when the point of attachment seems unknown or tenuous.

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There is a sense of lostness "out there," in the world or the universe, in the unknown. This is frequent when the patient has acquired some sense of self, but yet has to actualize himself, to become fully engaged in the world.

One patient had been analytically at a point of opening, loosening, coming from a great alienation to return to the world. Her presence was being felt by others, and she was spoken to by strangers on buses, by tradesmen and friends in a direct way she had not hitherto experienced, or at least recognized for what it was. She was becoming more aware and more present. Among these "recognitions" accorded her was one from an older man—still in her general circle—who told her quite openly of a dream he had of her three years before. For him it was "like the whole universe spoke to me, opened up." She was restless, uneasy, apprehensive about the many attentions that had been coming to her. At this point she recalled a movie she had recently seen, *Tiger Bay,* and the face of the little girl who had witnessed a murder through a keyhole.

This is a woman who has looked at death, has come close to it in her life. She recalled vividly in one hour with me how in her early twenties she decided to divorce a husband who had ignored her once she had become pregnant, a few months after their marriage. This brought down all the scorning, ostracizing forces of her Midwestern society. She was shunned, talked about in terms of "the woman is always to blame"; "she is killing her parents." She withdrew in pained anguish, her weight fell from 130 to 90 pounds; she was sleepless, friendless, bereft, alone with an infant, while her husband had the sympathy and encouragement of the mob.

In the succeeding hour she began to talk about the current wave of anti-Semitism, of the Crucifixion, of segregation in the South, of hopelessness. Then she said, returning again to the period of her divorce, that she had never wanted to kill herself. The recent death of a prominent actress reminded her that she had been given sedatives, and had a bottle of them at her bedside. At that time, she had read an article telling of cases in which a person, waking from a sedated sleep, forgot when the last pills had been taken, took another dose, and, doing this repeatedly, died. She thereupon put the bottle in the bathroom, taking only her proper dose, so that on

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wakening she would have the cushion of a walk to the other room, during which her senses might clear.

You might wonder whether anyone else existed in this woman's world, who in friendship might have attended her. And, in a sense, there was no one. Some had neglected her; she had excluded others herself. But, at a point of great despair, someone did emerge, or enter. This came through in the hour as a recollection and an association that spoke not only historically, but also of the move that was impending in her analysis. "You know," she said, "what my father said to me?" From this woman, whom I know to have a real core of health, I felt I could expect something affirmative. She went on, "He told me to ignore what people were saying. 'Don't listen to them and don't talk to them.' " The advice could have been given by hundreds of people. But it was her father, and it invariably means something different from a father. He really said: "I am here, by you. I have not forsaken you." He made no judgment of her, or of them. He was there.

"I am here." "I shall be there." How often has this been heard through the ages in moments of despair. And how terrible when it is not heard.

One might say that this patient lived through the ordeal because of some inherent tenacity of life, but this explanation does not at all touch the form and the vitality of both her neurosis and her health. I suggest that there is something uniquely there in the presence of another, and that the other is the father, the begetter from a distance who has a uniqueness that cannot be overlooked.

We know that, biologically, the child must have genic contributions from both parents. He also needs both parents for his psychological development. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his personality will reveal differences dependent on the presence or absence of a mother and father. The frequency of despair; a sense of wandering, of being lost in the world; in feeling and behavior the sense of flailing helplessly against authority—all these are frequent among people who early in life have been deprived of a paternal influence, who have lost a father in their childhood or youth, or who have cut themselves off abruptly from their father's house. Especially in persons who have actively done the latter do

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we find a great concern with living in terms of status symbols, of shallowness, of fun and entertainment.

Let me pause to remind you that the features of development one might assign to paternal influence are reflected in psychopathology, but they also have consequences that enrich our world and lend flavor to the personality. I don't subscribe to the following formulation as sufficient, but, just as analysts speak of certain features of the personality as reflecting the yearning for return to the mother, so we might refer to "the reaching for the father." This may be seen in explorers of actual geographical space, travelers in dreams and actuality, and explorers of the reaches of the mind, of ideas and of aesthetics who, early in life, have left or been thrust out of their father's house.

But the harmful effects of being cut off from the father are still more striking. I think of a patient who was homosexual, whose touching of life was delicate, shallow, concerned with appearances, whose life was parasitic, taking the form of a quest for some older woman who would sponsor his aesthetic interests. We are often led to emphasize the effect of a domineering, castrating mother as decisive in the life history. In this instance, the particular features of the father seem to call for attention, however.

The patient's father, born and reared in modest to poor circumstances in Brooklyn, of Jewish background, left home as soon as he was of marriageable age. He married above his social and economic station a woman whose family had been converted from Judaism to Episcopalianism. From that moment, including his own conversion, there were no more paternal roots. The paternal line began anew, but became a maternal family in all regards. Nowhere in this youth's experience was there a paternal grandfather, uncle, cousin. He knew that his father had a family, still alive, but heard no details about them. This is not simply a matter of an active or a passive father, of submissiveness and domination. There has to be violence done when a tree is cut down, uprooted. This father, we may say, cut himself from his own parents, his own roots. Consider the hardness of heart, the ruthless inner tearing that had to occur. Consider the coldness.

The action is not of the order of a conflict between "shoulds" or

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between a compulsive need and a wish or a want. It is much more. It entails a denial of an absolutely unchangeable reality. A person must have had a father, a mother. He must have, unless separated quite early in life, been a member of a family. Now this patient's father is saying "for me I had [there was] no father, no mother." There is no doubt that a person can develop a cold-blooded manner of denial, an impassivity of mien, a deadness within, a "philosophy of the practical," for private or public consumption. But this requires a deep skill that must penetrate to and encrust the heart. On the outside three can be any sort of front, and the performance may be a very good one, especially to an audience of peers quite willing to believe. The pretense of aliveness can be persuasive to others who are glad to be only viewers in exchange for having their own performances unchallenged.

This man's son, my patient, when scarcely fourteen years old, made a serious attempt at suicide. His father's first words were, "Why did you do this to me?" This is chilling, a breath from an iceberg. Yet is it strange that a person who has insisted he did not arise from parents, who could not find "we" in his life, could speak only in the "I" centered way? And is it strange that his son wanders lost in the world? Wasn't this son duplicating his father's less obvious suicide?

There is a feature common to this man and to other persons in whom drastic father-eliminating occurred that may have some significance. All had pronounced bowel symptoms. One, a man, was for years a sufferer from vague gastrointestinal distress, requiring regular medication and diet manipulation. Another, a woman, came into analysis as a result of an acute abdominal episode, requiring hospitalization. A diagnosis of "no organic disease" was made. During her early analytic months she had intense borborygmus and only in the analytic hour. Another patient came into analysis with medically demonstrated colitis, relieved through psychotherapy. And still another patient, moving into an area that clearly involves his recovery of a relationship with his father, expressed in dreams and in the quality of the analytic relationship, began to have lower abdominal distress and fear of cancer of the bowel.

I am not suggesting this "father" problem to be at the root of

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all gastrointestinal symptoms of psychological origin, yet it does pose an interesting possibility for further exploration. It is tempting to say that to eliminate, to try to eliminate, one's origin, must strike at the very center of one's anatomy as well as one's being, with some specificity of symptoms emerging in the inner struggle.

Social reflections: There has been a tendency, especially during and after the war, to focus on the mother. Momism seemed to be the disease that resulted in the high rate of neurosis and rejection for military service among our young men. This had support in the "penis envy," "castrating mother" formulations of psychoanalytic theory. However, if this is at all a valid observation regarding mothers, there must also be some consequences for which the father is responsible, unless we are to say that the ineffectual father is simply the result of some other castrating woman. But there does seem to be another way of approaching this question if we consider possible dereliction on the part of the father as something he could alter, and for which he is to some measure responsible. It seems a fruitful approach to make, to clarify at least phenomenologically who a father is.

There are two phenomena, not unrelated, but for the purpose of discussion, distinguishable. One is that already referred to, which loses man in an excess of reason—abstraction, categorizing, numbering rather than naming. The other is connected with the widespread tendency to shallowness.

The latter provides some of the contemporary background that, I trust, is really transient, as distinguished from the deeper and more pervasive events I have spoken of earlier. I want to discuss this background in terms of the so-called democratic egalitarianism of today.

We have gone through a period of the emergence of women, socially, politically, economically. This is a wave, not yet fully spent, that has made marked changes in the face of the world community. The franchise after World War I, greater freedom in public places hitherto reserved for men, the opening of executive positions for women in heretofore all-male organizations, and an increased number of women in full-time work, with the household

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work shared with the husband, or done by domestic help—these are all reflections of this emergence.

There has been a flow in the other direction as well, with more men entering what had been exclusively fields for women: social work, public school teaching, nursing. There has been an entrance of men students into colleges previously entirely for girls.

There has been, then, a breaking down of man-woman barriers in the public domain. There has been an increasing opportunity for encounters between men and women, which, by itself, should result in a more profound knowing of one another. However, there is another most important factor that tends to diminish this greater understanding. We tend to consider similarity in functioning (the ability to do) as pointing to a fundamental likeness. The fact that a woman's hand at the wheel of a modern auto gives her an equality with a man at the wheel does not eliminate fundamental differences. The fact that a man's hand at the bottle will get the formula into the baby with warmth and love does not erase differences. These and many other features of the more open society, the fruit of democracy, have tended to the false concept of making equality and similarity identical.

To speak of a masculine-feminine dichotomy or character has become anathema. It brings the cry of "sexual chauvinism" and "antidemocratic." Only the sly joke, ending with the exclamation "vive la différence" is permitted. Otherwise there must be silence about such differences. There are many ways by which such silence is achieved. The scientific silence is that which abstracts, that erases difference in the class, the group, whether expressed in statistics, in "public opinion," or in the "mass man." It can be achieved by the clangor of exterior noise and ideologies. Equality has become one of these ideologies and one that has vigorous zealots. This has entered not only the area of man-woman relations, but of child-parent relations as well. It is therefore pertinent to any discussion of communication between generations.

We have been so afraid of authority that we have forgotten the meaning of discipline. We have so accepted the hierarchic superior-inferior comparison as valid, yet to be rebelled against as it demeans us, that we have espoused sameness. We have become so enchanted

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by love and brotherhood in a sentimental way that we preach togetherness and overlook the fact that there are differences that make a difference. So, fathers become buddies to their sons, and everything must be done together. This has a peculiar way of extending the time during which parents do for their children, support them far beyond the age when a high degree of self-sufficiency could be achieved. Parents want to be addressed by first names, as though desiring to deny their parenthood. Another interesting feature of the confusion is suggested by parents who address each other as "Mummy" and "Daddy." Sometimes this practice flows only to one parent, so that children and mother address "Daddy," or children and father address "Mummy." The more detailed consequences for the developing child must await another discussion. For the present, let me point out that parents are playing parts, roles in this game of togetherness-without-distinction. They meet one another as characters in a play, often a farce. But underneath there is the silent darkness whose eruption comes at the moments of the fundamental changes of life. For the younger generation, this is often in adolescence, on leaving home for college, at marriage. For the parents, their crises come in response to these events, and when the characters in this "play" have left home, when age, illness, death become more real.

But, if father is not interchangeable with mother, if being a father is not a role—not even that of the hero in the human drama, as Freud spoke of it—what can we say that will point to the distinctiveness of the father? First, let me say that a person who becomes a surrogate or agent for another is to some degree less himself. To be one's self, a person must be present, with all that entails in terms of his uniqueness. And so, to know a father, a man, we must inquire into the uniqueness of a man.

The history and matrix out of which this essay arose, these times in which our total existence is in jeopardy, call for a more encompassing question than we have been wont to ask. Our present life situation, our whole person, our identity, all these account for the pervasiveness of—and also for the qualitative difference in—the dilemma we face as contrasted with that confronting man in less threatening moments in history. The nature of the question is con-

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sistent with my attempt to speak of the tension, already mentioned, between engagement in the concreteness of life and reflective detachment.

If our question is "Who am I?" it brings into the problem a different quality from the question "What is Man?" The latter requires detachment, being outside; the former is clearly from the inside and involves more the passions that are at stake. We have come to know, and not just theoretically, that *we can really know only from within.* All else is to some measure a "knowing about." There are hazards, of course, to the knowing from within, but it is a way that the present time calls for.

If our question includes "What drives us?" it brings into focus the idea of our thingness, our being conditioned. If our question includes the form "What do we reach for, what calls to us?" it brings in the elements of freedom, choice, responsibility, guilt.

So I am approaching this study with the questions: "Who am I? What do I reach for? What calls to me? To what and to whom am I responsible?" I am concerned with certain features of the father, of the man, but at no point can they be made primary, or causal, nor can they form the root of a system.

Anatomy is destiny? Against this background and with these questions in mind, I wish now to examine some of the features of the man and the father. These latter must be taken as parts of the whole, rather more determined by that totality than determining it. Hence, when I refer to certain anatomical and physiological considerations, I am not forsaking that concrete knowing of life, meaning, others, that we feel in our bones, our flesh and blood. And I am distinctly not concerned, as was Freud, with the notions of "anatomy is destiny," "castration fear" and "penis envy."

When we enter into a relationship, as event, we speak of it as "wholehearted." *Fully* entering into a relationship, being there, also requires full-bodiedness—our hands, arms, shoulders, our "guts." We know in analysis that body participation in the process of self-realization is essential for there to be a real change. Hence, felt anxiety, the experience of conflict, the taste of emptiness, of vindictiveness, the bile in the mouth, the dizziness and nausea—all

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these speak of the depths rather than the partial intellectual involvement in analysis.

Total participation with heart and hand makes the full person in a relationship. How important this is for child rearing is well known from the Spitz studies of institutionalized infants and children. The warm embrace, the soothing voice, the suckling are essential for the child's development of his sense of self.

These features make a difference in growth; they may be also significant for some understanding of the difference between father and mother. For contrast, let me first speak of the mother, and in a context that takes into account ultimate issues of life and death. A mother, whose very body fluids flow into and contain the child, is involved in the whole flow of life and stillness of death. This was even more true when infant and maternal mortality was higher. I don't believe any man ever died as result of inseminating, of pregnancy, of labor and birth. The couvade, primitive or modern, is at best a play.

Now, with a much lower incidence of death from childbirth, and with the diminishing of pain through anesthesia and sedation, there is less anguish and physical suffering. Yet there is still a journey to a threshold that men, in relation to their children, do not go. All the jokes and cartoons are about the expectant father. One does not make jokes about a mother in labor. And after the birth, the father is supposed to go on a binge and distribute drinks, cigars and heartiness. But around the mother there is quiet, reverence, an aura of the eternal. I am not suggesting that all mothers feel this, but I do know that only a mother can, and it seems that this concerns dimensions that go beyond the possibilities for a father in relation to a child.

No device of natural childbirth methods that bring the father into the delivery room can breach this limit. And I wonder if a woman doesn't really prefer to have this moment for her own. Is this not her moment of touch with transcendence, with immortality, to bring forth her gift?

A clear statement of the mother's place emphasizes a difference from the father's that has to be ignored if the quest for sameness,

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"equality," is to be achieved. Men are outsiders from the beginning. Men and women should know this.

This is not to say that a man has not the capacity for gentleness, for tenderness, for warm caressing in gross hands. Nor does it eliminate his heart's swelling, his tears of gratitude for the child that carries his name. But these feelings, this dimension, are still not comparable to the reaches possible for a mother.

The man sows his seed and the harvest is never known to him as directly as to the mother. He brings the nurture, yet he is always at some distance. Perhaps his hands are asked to do what is in a sense done inside the mother. And his hands, like the penis, even the scrotum, are peripheral organs. Yes, we can say the hand is also an organ. It is interesting too that the ovum requires the 98.6° temperature of the body cavity while the sperm needs the lesser temperature of the periphery for viability.

Thus, at the very outset of fatherhood, man is an outsider, a distant one, whose seed comes from a cooler climate to a warmer, who knows his child only by peripheral organs, and at some months removed. He never can have the range and depth of the mother's experience. It is one thing to exchange functions; it is yet another to have a fundamental sameness. We can share or substitute one function for another on some occasions or in certain duties. Under the slogan "there are no differences," we may be led to say "differences don't matter" and thence "what matters at all?" Perhaps it doesn't matter who brings home the food, or the means of exchange that purchases it. But does it not matter that only a woman can bear a child and nurse it? Perhaps it doesn't matter that the bottle can substitute for the breast, and that the father can prepare the formula, hold the child just as closely, and sing lullabies. But doesn't it? Can we say that were it not for tradition, or were it not for historic artifacts, we could substitute man for woman in every way except that of child bearing? And can that distinction be reduced to nothing more than being an incubator?

Such a conviction involves the most radical denial of experience. A woman who can carry a child for nine months, feel life swelling, struggling, stretching, unfolding, tearing, has to know she contains

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a mystery that make a difference. If she does not, she has to ignore it by deadening her senses, by giving voice to the insistent noise of "it really is nothing."

And the father, an outsider through all this gestation, must feel this being outside and find other ways by which to enter, knowing full well he can enter only to a certain limit. While not basing the quality of man as an outsider, in relation to generation and gestation, on physical factors, or on the historic function of man in terms of the need for strength in food gathering, this position, the outside one, is nonetheless reflected in these aspects of manhood.

But have we returned to "anatomy is destiny"? Have we said that basic to the distinction is the inescapable physical nature of man and woman? Perhaps we have if we remain at the level of the biological animal, and if we assume this is basic, from which all else follows. But is there no other reality, claiming equal validity?

If we start with the notion that the father wishes to be as intimate with gestation as the mother, and cannot, one might evoke the theory that makes his explorations of the intellect, of art, of music, a sublimation. This interpretation derives from the tendency to psychologize away all of man's aspirations. But, considering that his awayness from gestation simply is his own condition, the wish to become intimate will be realized with his own resources. His intellectual, artistic, manual explorations become not sublimations, but rather his ways to enter into the mysteries of human relations. Needless to say, this does not exhaust the meaning of man's intellectual explorations.

Beyond biology, we know that human beings are self-conscious. They can weep and they can laugh. They alone of all that lives can lay claim to creativeness and, through this, to the discovery of what is. I have said earlier that our questions are: "What do we reach for? What calls to us to be discovered and responded to?" And I have also said that it is here we encounter freedom, choice, responsibility, guilt and sin. We cannot rest content with the anatomy-physiology factors already mentioned as sufficient for understanding Man—men and women.

It does not seem to me an accident that Christ, Buddha, Mohammed were men. These were the Men-Gods or the God-Men: those

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who stood as mediators, as interpreters of the Divine to Man, of the eternal to the temporal, the universal to the particular. This is also true of Moses and the Fathers. It has been said that we have here a projection of the original, biological father to the psychic expression of a myth, that this would not be true were the cultures not predominantly patriarchal. But history and anthropology do not really support this argument. For these disciplines, patriarchy is merely a given datum. And Freudian theory offers only one interpretation.

We are faced today with threats to our existence, and the need to confront ultimate questions that involve freedom, choice, responsibility, guilt and sin. It is sad to note, however, that this need has shocked many of us into the shallows—the already mentioned shallows that value appearance, status, role, comfort. That this, a kind of complacency, only heightens the threat is apparent.

But there is another way of response in which we can discover some of what distinguishes a father. This is an increased concern about what we reach toward. I am not talking about planning for the future in time. That kind of reaching is characteristically true for the shallows. Such parents are urging their children to study so that they may get to college, and get to college so they will land a good job, husband or wife, et cetera. Nor am I referring to the future-reaching or the ritual-seeking that is a quality of much of the current increase in church membership.

I am speaking of the emergence of the metaphysical interests, the quest for ontology. Metaphysics has been called bad poetry, but at the very least it is poetry. And the poet, the artist, the creative writer too are reaching deeply into man and into the realms of the mind, the soul, the world, for meaning, for knowing, that cannot be attained in rational analysis. Their reaching is discovery, their creations make possible further discoveries of man's capacities, limits and the mysteries that pervade us. I want also to speak of the renewal not only of interest, but of a response many are making to God. Nietzsche proclaimed that God is dead, and we do not know it; but, at the very least, the Bible is finding ears that listen intently.

What I am pointing to is a realm open to metaphysical specu-

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lation, mystical intuition, or known by revelation. The rational psychologist will say No to this. He will say this is sublimation, illusion. Even if you insist on this, for the purposes of this discussion of man, of fathers, you must acknowledge that in philosophy, art, literature, the oustanding creators are men. They are the ones who reach out hands, extend with intellect, measure with time (the artifact that man has imposed on nature and has tried to impose on eternity), control with strength, withhold and suspend.

I do not accept as sufficient the claim that women have not had the same opportunities, although there is some merit in this argument. The point could also be made that men have entered these areas because they are frustrated from being what it is given a woman to be. This too seems insufficient. Is it not possible to view this capacity, this interest, these other dimensions as more characteristic for men, and their achievements here as fuller explorations and realization of this capacity?

In what I am about to say, you may, remaining with reason alone, consider biblical texts as history mixed with mythology. But I ask you to suspend your disbelief, consider that there has been revelation, that God has entered history at Sinai, has spoken to Abraham, the Fathers, the Prophets. And for the most part, it has been to men the call has come. I ask you to consider the Crucifixion as the Gospels record it, and that the conversion of Saul on the road to Damascus was a real encounter with the Divine. Again, it is to men these revelations have come. And in all instances, it is men who mediate between men and God, who are called and who speak, who bring the Law.

Go only so far as to acknowledge that centuries ago a great knowledge was born—solely created by Man, if you insist—that God is One and commands that no other shall be worshipped. With this knowledge something new entered Man's life, through men, that has given form and content and meaning that speak even today. I have a twofold interest in speaking of this biblical, this Judaeo-Christian stream. One part is to demonstrate that men were the mediators or creators who brought this vision to their fellows. It is true that women are involved in both the Old and the New Testaments. But you will note a real difference between the women

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and the men. Sarah, who bore Isaac with the help of the Lord, insures that Isaac, not Ishmael, shall gain his birthright, in fulfilling God's promise. Her treatment of Hagar was hardly consistent with our humanistic morality. But it stayed close to the immediate. And Rebecca was hardly more ethical in her manipulation to gain Isaac's blessing for Jacob over Esau. Both mothers were close to the immediate.

I find in these matters something for the understanding of the father today. On whatever ground you choose to understand it, the events that gave rise to the Judaic stream of our culture cut so deeply that a real change in man took place—or a different aspect of man emerged.

You will recall that Freud bases his thesis regarding the father on biological and rational grounds, and that he draws on the notion of the ur-father, the primal horde and the parricide to illuminate his understanding of the family. Just as I feel we can learn little by comparing the human father with the animal father, because there is a difference between us and animals that matters, so I argue that the events recorded at Sinai introduce a difference between contemporary and primitive man that matters. And the difference is the background against which many lesser events in our history are played out. No matter how derelict a father may be in compromising his being, in making himself anonymous as a person before his son, this deep echo that entered with the consciousness of God is not altogether and always silenced. It brings sanctions and injunctions, however faint; it makes for guilt, uneasiness, aspirations; it evokes compulsive denial of personal responsibility.

Freud's concept of father: At this point I wish to make some comments on Freud's notion regarding the father and the family. This is most explicitly presented in his *Totem and Taboo,* and in his *Moses and Monotheism.* In brief, he speaks of an original primal horde and a father who dominates with brutality. This involves the masterful father's possession of the women to the exclusion of the sons, especially sexually. The hypothesis goes on to state that there was a parricide, with a cannibalistic eating of the father's flesh by the sons. Then, to eradicate guilt and the repetition of the father

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murder, forms involving taboos and the ritual serving of the totem, representative of the ur-father, were instituted. Freud brings further derivative data in support of this thesis from anthropology and from modern religious practices. He supports it by his clinical observations of neurosis, and out of this he formulates his concept of the Oedipal situation.

Freud's method of inquiry and the emphasis he placed on his observations were influenced by his times, just as the observations in this essay are colored by this moment in history. Thus, while today we encounter people involved in the same human struggle that Freud found, there currently is a depth and pervasiveness of the struggle that may make certain aspects of neurosis more evident. And there is certainly a different intellectual climate today that influences my method and my questions.

Freud attempted to remain within the framework of a rational scientific method. He was interested in establishing a system, a universal system that had a beginning in time. Thus, some of the material I treat as existent in itself, as our condition and resource, he finds to be sublimations of instinct. Religion for him is an illusion, and faith is a psychological phenomenon. It is of interest that he turned to Greek mythology and the Greek drama for metaphors to express his notion of the father. Parenthetically, Camus, also trying to come to an understanding of man, only from what he can know rationally, selects the Greek myth of Sisyphus as best suited to express his theme.

I have spoken of the Judaeo-Christian-Hellenic stream that runs in our times. To bring into view some aspects of the Judaeo-Christian stream necessitates taking issue with some of the excesses of the Hellenic attitude as developed by Freud among others, especially that of abstracting, detached, depersonalizing and fragmenting reason. It has already been pointed out by Horney that Freud has often taken pathological expressions as natural for man. With an emphasis on their being natural, he has had to relate these expressions to instinct, to what drives us, what is "behind us." While the form in which we present ourselves, our style, may not always be significant, I find it important in Freud that he speaks of the father as the hero of a drama. This, to me, expresses his standing outside

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to view, his Greek drama orientation. You will note that I have not spoken of the "role of the father," perhaps overstudiously avoiding this notion that implies living from a script. From within, events cannot be experienced as a drama nor can we consider ourselves actors.

From within—within this moment of history, this moment in psychoanalytic experience—the events that are most significant are those of the whole man, the person, the self, being confronted by forces that subtly or grossly would bury him. This whole man is not understood, he is even lost, when subjected to rational analysis or seen only in terms of what drives him. He thus becomes a wholly conditioned person, bereft of his uniqueness, with freedom an illusion.

My argument is that events in the history of contemporary man have occurred that set him apart from the man of the primal horde. These events were of crucial significance for the whole man and the culture to a far more profound extent than the transiency of form we call technological, political, economic. I argue, too, that these events still influence our times, and that when we turn away from them they are not completely silenced.

I am contending that the event that made it known to man that God is One, and that from the viewpoint of eternity we matter, the moment when man came to know that there could be a dialogue with God rather than simply a relationship of propitiation, or, in the Greek mood, a feeling of helplessness before Fate—at that point the father became other than the father of the primal horde. How this event has been transmitted to now, how it exists as a reality now, can be seen in different modes. These include ongoing institutions, the printed word, the spoken word, all of which are consistent with a rational understanding of Sinai. However, when we believe there is a charismatic quality, then the continuing effect arises from faith.

The difference pertinent here is reflected in the fact that with this Judaic stream, parricide was no longer an issue. When God was known as creator, and it was believed that man matters to Him, when the qualities of love, concern, reverence were present as well as fear, the earthly father became, too, a nurturing person. It is im-

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portant to observe that the concepts and the stream Freud draws on are rife with concern about parricide. Not only the anthropological evidence, but the Greek roots include myths and dramas involving parricide—recall Oedipus and Theseus. And in the Judaic tradition there is no parricide spoken of in the Bible, nor is there in Talmudic Law any reference to father murder: surely this is a testimony to its being unnecessary. There is also an absence of infanticide, in contrast to Greek tradition. In those instances in the Old Testament in which infanticide seems possible, it does not occur, and there is evidence of real concern by the father. Thus, when Sarah orders Abraham to oust Hagar and her son Ishmael, "the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son." God here promises that Ishmael too will become a nation, and Abraham sends them forth with provisions for their journey.

In the Akedah, the call to sacrifice Isaac, so abhorrent to many, there was no sacrifice, no infanticide, but an eloquent demonstration that this God was different. In the closest other conflict involving father and son, that of David and Absalom, there is no parricide, although it appears from David's words (Samuel II, 16:11) that this was Absalom's intent. When David hears of his son's death at the hands of Joab, what a cry! It could not be imagined in the primal horde, and not in Greek tragedy: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" (Samuel II, 18:33) There is a feeling of tearlessness about the Greek myths; there are no tears in reason.

This is the difference that matters, that has mattered through the ages since the Judaic stream began. It makes necessary a different frame within which to understand the father, and it is a stream that contemporary events ignore in the quest for equality and similitude. Since that point in history something *other* calls to us.

I have been concerned with God, creator and judge, who announced Himself as "I am" or "I shall be there as I shall be there." With this statement was introduced a recognition that every man is also a son, that instead of fear and propitiation, there is obedience, reverence, love, concern.

And with this a different quality entered human relations, and

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the relations of fathers to sons and to mothers. In place of violence and possessiveness came teaching, nurturing, concern for the generations.

Bear this in mind and also my earlier remarks regarding the outsideness of men in terms of gestation and anatomy. Now let me add a word about certain qualities and functions that have been primarily men's. May I remind you again that I do not give primacy to the biological elements, that the concrete experience of gestation and birth has to be seen in terms of ultimate questions, and that the realm of the transcendent—however you consider it—has a deep reality for man, as insistent as his anatomy.

The exercise of authority, mediation and justice has been traditionally and even today is overwhelmingly in men's hands. If we recognize that there is a declining respect for authority in the world today, that much juvenile unrest reveals a failure in this regard, that this seems to go along with trouble in father-son relationships, with the declining influence of other guardians of morality, some reflections on authority might reveal men's particular competence and call.

An authority is one who stands apart, and at some distance and above. He is called on to exercise decision and discrimination. He must categorize and generalize. He confronts a variety of forms, forces and individuals. In this confrontation he must reconcile, resolve and contain. All of this involves resort to codes, laws, ethical and moral sources that require distance, perspective, a measure of impersonality. Authority involves power, strength and action. All of these qualities, it is evident, require a measure of what we have spoken of as a man's outsideness, his being less immediate, less personal and more alone, compared with women. Remember "it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." (Genesis 2:18)

If the source of our morality transcends us, or even if it involves transcendence in time, this requires a mediator, one who stands between. Woman, in the home, in more direct, organic contact with life, may be less interested, perhaps even less qualified for this exercise of mediation, and that of human justice. I do not feel it is either accidental or explainable in socioeconomic terms, that men, from

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the Old Testament to the present-day secular practices, are those primarily involved in the exercise of authority, mediation with God, or with the temporal transcendence of law.

I imagine that many men, confronted with the alternative of death or loss of the meaning of their lives, would, like Socrates, choose the hemlock, even though support of a child were involved. I suspect no woman would make that choice. This experience of and readiness to subordinate the personal to the realm that approaches the absolute seems more fitting and more possible for a man, not only in his relations to others, but also to himself. There is a "suspension of the immediate," in a sense, such as the "suspension of the ethical" in the sacrifice of Isaac.

These characteristics of outsideness would limit man as an isolated Single One were there not the interest and capacity to return—to return home to the immediacy of the relationship with woman and child. The traveler, the explorer, is a mere wanderer if he does not return. The mystic, the saint, the philosopher who does not return with the fruits of his experiences can never be a father. He must return, but as himself, with the gifts he can bring. He must be there, not as a stranger, not as one who dominates, but as one who brings, and who is ready to receive. He must be the embodiment of going away and returning.

And in this twofold motion, being away and returning to be *here*, is the moment the Judaic and Hellenic streams meet, at home. This is the deep expression of the tension of contemporary men. This is the tension that is evaded and muffled by shallow anonymity, by sentimental harmony, by rational abstraction, by egalitarian zealousness.

This is the tension which, in psychoanalytic terms, produces neurosis as we attempt to avoid it. And this avoidance has a consequence, namely the minimizing or subduing of one's self. With this, with being less present, we are less able to stand in the midst of the tension.

It is thus that I understand the father: the one who goes and returns; who in going does not lose himself and can still know the tension of his awayness; who can return, bringing himself and his nurture and his discoveries, knowing he has another calling.

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Summer Conference: Literary Panel

Jay Williams

Pantaloon enters first, shepherding phrases,
And with his slippers clapping at his heels
Shuffles his way along pedantic mazes;
Expounds, Panglossifies, lectures and reveals.
From his dry lips flutter the dusty birds;
As each descends, upon his pen he sticks it.
Then to the study where he swift rewords
Each upsy-daisy into *ipse dixit*.

Here comes Pierrot, mooning as ever.
Round-faced; locked in the chamber of his mind.
Bends smooth images to his will,
Smithies out his verses in seclusion.
Double-shadowed swan, gliding still,
Lover and beloved in him combined.
He needs no Pierrette—that would bring confusion.
He would rather search, and find her never.

Vulpine and fey,
Decked like a jay in blue and white,
A rapier at his side and his face masked,
Harlequin, the figure of the night
Enters. He is unasked but apt
To declare himself upon the side of life.
Yet when he bows, his falling cape discloses
The sword is lath.
His song fumbles to prose, is broken, turns to spite.
As for his part:
He is a devil with a sentimental heart.

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Then Punchinello, beaky and sage,
Pops from the closet and bustles onstage.
The inner policeman he whacks with his truncheon,
The lovely ideas he eats for his luncheon.
His specialty's this: transformations galore;
Under the mire's a louis d'or.
Then with a wink he sweeps up the floor,
Kicks out the players, mops up the gore,
Pockets the proceeds of every night,
Rings down the curtain and brings on the light.

✪ JAY WILLIAMS is the author of fifteen books, including *The Siege* and *The Witches*. He has also written numerous short stories and articles, but this is his first published poem.

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Realism and World Politics

WILLIAM G. CARLETON

WE AMERICANS HAVE COME A LONG WAY in our understanding of international politics; a long way from the legalistic thinking of Root, the elder Taft, and Kellogg, and the moralistic approach of Bryan and Borah. We have learned, and we are learning, that world politics is as broad as history and as diverse as life, that it has many elements and many approaches, and that most of these must be used simultaneously.

However, we still retain some notions that prevent us from seeing international relations clearly. We confuse realism and *realpolitik*. We tend to think of some elements in international relations as always more important than others. We have not paid enough attention to the importance of a shifting emphasis, a shifting of the combination. We do not make sufficient allowance for the appearance of new elements in world politics, or for enlarged uses of old elements which in effect become new ones. In short, we are still not sufficiently resilient, flexible and dynamic in our thinking.

The reason why world politics must be plural and why no one element can always predominate over the others is simply because people are not one-purpose, one-value units; they are motivated and moved by many purposes and many values. The emphasis given to the various values differs from individual to individual, and it differs with individuals as conditions and circumstances change.

Many elements in international relations, and very important ones, cluster about power politics or *realpolitik*. Power politics involves power in its most literal and obvious form—military

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strength, military alliances, balance-of-power alignments. Power politics is concerned with the relative power positions of the established states or nations. Each nation attempts to maintain or extend its "margin of survival." The values that support power politics are patriotism, national interest, group interests that identify themselves with the national interest, and the fears and insecurities which are felt with respect to the external dangers from other nations.

In addition to the national power struggle, there are ideological elements in world politics. One important kind of ideological politics is the conflict of groups over changing basic institutions. The struggle has a way of operating within the nations at the same time, with varying pervasiveness and intensity, and of crossing national boundaries. One only has to recall the struggle over religion in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, over constitutional government in the eighteenth century, over political democracy in the nineteenth century, and over economic collectivism and the shifting nature of economic institutions in the twentieth century. Thus group and institutional conflicts within nations may crisscross national boundaries, producing international ideological conflict—and compromise.

In actual life, power politics and group ideology are inextricably entwined, because an ideology may become an important element of a state's power, and a strong state may be an important vehicle for advancing an ideology. With some individuals group values may conflict with national values; with others they may confirm and solidify the national values. Group and institutional ideology is a weapon for fifth-column subversion, but it is also a weapon for repelling it.

Very often nationalism itself, as distinguished from the power positions of the established nations, becomes an important ideology. The struggle to give birth to new nations or to restore old nations is linked with the power struggle of the established nations—as when France came to the aid of the American colonies in 1778, as when Wilson used the ideology of national self-determination to encourage fifth columnism and to disrupt the enemy Austro-Hungarian and Turkish empires.

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There is another aspect of the ideological we tend to overlook, an aspect of increasing importance since the inception of the League of Nations and the United Nations, and one that will become more important in coming years: the ideological also refers to the struggle over changes in the international order, over the relative freedom or the degree of international control to be exerted over the "sovereign" nations. In this aspect, ideology, instead of interacting with the power-politics struggle, may collide head-on with it, seeking to restrain it, to convert it into collective security.

However, in reality the situation is usually more complicated, for states and groups see in international organization an opportunity for advancing their own interests. Hence, a developing world organization becomes an entangling process involving national interest, group interest and international order. Even if an international collective-security organization advanced in effectiveness, the national and group conflicts would continue within the international organization, although the time might come when the national would recede increasingly into the background, leaving the groups, more and more involved in international alliances across old national boundaries, to continue to conflict and compromise inside the world organization, just as the various groups today conflict and compromise within the national states.

People, then, have values that support national conflict and compromise, group conflict and compromise, and changes in or resistance to changes in the international order. But people have moral values, too, human and humane values, and power politics and ideological politics cannot ignore popular moral evaluations. Some of these moral values have come from institutionalized religious experience, some from long historical humanistic experience, and some from both. Those derived from religious experience *and* from long historical humanistic experience are likely to be common to many societies of a given historical period. These values are broader and less orthodox than those derived from religious experience alone. Today, most of our societies which have evolved out of long historical experience share an over-all general morality that expresses itself in a kind of pragmatic humanism:

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a respect for human life and a rejection of needless want, suffering and cruelty.

These over-all cultural values about morality *do* constitute an element in international relations. They helped to mobilize nations, groups and ideologies against Hitler. They helped to defeat Germany in World War I. Even in the frenzy of wars and revolutions they can be ignored only to degrees. The Communists respect them more than we like to admit, and as Communist revolution moderates, the Communists pay more and more attention to them.

Obviously our "idealists," such as Gladstone and Wilson, are motivated by the over-all cultural moralities of their time, but even "sensible" politicians, such as Walpole and Talleyrand, do not ignore them. At times a crusading zeal is more effective, and at times a lack of it is more effective. Wilson fought heroically for peace by covenant, and Talleyrand maneuvered unheroically in the closet for peace by balance. Who was the more "sincere"?

Nuclear war departs so violently from the over-all cultural moral norm of our time as to make any realist shrink from using the weapons of obliteration. The very possibility that the non-realists, the bunglers, might be in power and use them forces us to think in terms of "limited war." And because the bunglers might in the heat of conflict turn "limited war" into limitless nuclear war, we may be forced gradually to an international interdicting of all wars and all arms.

At this point the cynic will say: "Don't talk to me about any moral norm. We dropped the bomb on Hiroshima because at the time we had a monopoly on nuclear weapons and did not fear reprisals. Today, if we do not drop the bomb it is because we no longer have a monopoly; we are restrained not by any so-called morality but only by naked selfishness and primitive fear."

It is true that we dropped the bomb, not once but twice; but during the Korean War, when we still had overwhelming nuclear superiority, we refrained from using it. Morality, or a due regard for the popular moral reaction of the world, or both, helped to restrain us. To repeat: there is an over-all cultural morality existing in world politics; at times it operates more effectively than at other times, but it is always operating. Today, both fear and

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morality—it is difficult to say which is stronger—are working to move us to some climactic decision about nuclear weapons.

Although we Americans have come to understand the pluralistic nature of world politics, we strongly tend to think of some elements as always more important than others. We have reversed our earlier attitudes, and we now give first place to *realpolitik*—military power, military alliances, balance-of-power alignments. We call this realism. But we must remember that all successful statesmen on the world scene have used many elements, in varying degrees and proportions, and in the course of their operations have often shifted the emphasis and the proportions. Wilson used ideological elements successfully when his Fourteen Points aroused world opinion for the Allied side and helped undermine the German, Austro-Hungarian and Turkish governments among their own peoples. He likewise used the ideological successfully when he got the Covenant of the League of Nations adopted at Versailles. He used *realpolitik* when he sponsored the tripartite alliance of the United States, Britain and France, with the aim of reassuring France against Germany until such time as the League would become more effective. In notable ways Wilson was successful in world politics; his failure was in domestic politics. Talleyrand is put down as a practitioner of *realpolitik*, which he was, but he was also a successful practitioner of ideological politics. In the course of his long diplomatic life, Talleyrand put to use first the revolutionary ideology and then the legitimist ideology.

What, then, is realism in international politics? Realism is not the same thing as *realpolitik*, although *realpolitik* may often be an important ingredient of the realistic. Realism does not consist in always giving first play to national power politics. Even where national interests are the goal, these are not always best served by the military, military alliances and balance-of-power alignments. Realism is an art—the art of being effective. The art of being effective consists in finding and using the proper combination of factors suitable to time, place and conditions, suitable to the total situation, and knowing when and how to shift the emphasis from one factor or combination of factors to another. Knowing the

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proper combination to use at any given juncture in history is the highest realism.

Much realism is required for the "short-time" shifts, and for even the relatively minor oscillations that take place in the intervals between them. Short-time shifts are those that occur occasionally, every ten or twenty years or so, and that result from the ordinary accumulating changes in the international situation. Such a short-time shift occurred when Britain and France buried traditional enmities to become allies in the Crimean War; when Britain moved to relative isolation from the Continent in the closing decades of the nineteenth century; when Britain moved to an entente with France and Russia in the first decade of the twentieth century; when the United States moved from isolation to belligerency, and then to war in 1941; when the Allied co-operation of World War II gave way in 1947 to the cold war. Such shifts require using no new revolutionary elements in world politics; they merely require a rearrangement of emphasis, a recombining of the traditional elements. On the whole, American policy accommodated itself realistically to the shift of 1947, although it lacked an adequate ideological, economic and social politics in its relations outside Western Europe.

However, there is an even higher realism in world politics, a superlative realism, which is required when a new element appears for the first time, or when an older one takes on such a new significance—such a prodigious increase in importance—as in effect to become a new one, moving for the first time to the level of one of the primary elements. It takes great discernment to see such an emergence, and great boldness and imagination to use it. At such times, a revolutionary recombining of the elements of international relations takes place.

Such a revolution occurred in the early seventeenth century when Richelieu, with sensational success, used the new monarchical nationalism against those countries whose leaders were still mostly dependent on the older feudal and religious elements. Such a revolution occurred again when the French Revolutionary leaders used the democratic ideology and nationalism as an ideology in a massive way, thus elevating group ideology and nationalist

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ideology to new levels of importance among the elements of world politics. And it occurred again when Lenin and the Communists raised group ideology to an even higher level of intensity.

All of this is not by way of mere academic interest. We may now be moving toward a time of great changes in international relations involving both a short-time shift and a revolutionary shift. The signs that the cold war may be nearing its end, that we may be heading toward an American-Soviet rapprochement, are multiplying. This would represent a short-time shift, a kind common in history. But more than that, we may be moving toward one of the most revolutionary shifts in history. The perils and burdens of nuclear armaments may be literally compelling us to some disarmament agreements to be enforced by United Nations agencies. Should this happen, then the United Nations would move from a marginal position in international relations to a central position.

We are now in the midst of discussing both the prospective short-time shift and the revolutionary shift. American-Soviet rapprochement means both countries must accept a virtual status quo. However, some changes seem necessary. Shall the specific controversial areas—Berlin, the military positions of the United States and the Soviet Union in Germany, and so forth—be settled before disarmament negotiations? Shall they be settled afterward? Shall they be settled together, and come out of the same negotiations?

These are, to be sure, questions of the gravest difficulty. If the grand strategic nuclear weapons are banned, can the United States risk disengagement in Central-Eastern Europe or any weakening of its defense works there? With "massive retaliation" unavailable, on what would American defense depend? Would the United States then build up its conventional weapons and the lesser nuclear weapons and hold on to its position in Central-Eastern Europe? Would Americans consent to the new sacrifices involved in a modernizing and a new stock-piling of conventional arms and a new massive mobilization of manpower? And how about the so-called tactical nuclear weapons, the "lesser" nuclear weapons? Although these may be "minor" in contrast to the grand strategic ones, are not some of these vastly destructive of civilian life and

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property on a scale unprecedented before the nuclear age? Granted that these may be merely "tactical" in areas of sparse population, would not these become strategic when used in heavily populated Europe? And if we put sole reliance on conventional arms and the tactical nuclear weapons, the "lesser" nuclear weapons, how can we be sure that the war, if it comes, would be limited to these? Would not the contestants, in the heat of the actual conflict, scrap the ban on the grand cataclysmic weapons and use these too? Can there be such a thing as "limited war" in the nuclear age?

Must not our ultimate aim be the total interdicting of all arms and all war, beginning with the banning of the grand strategic nuclear weapons and the drastic limitation of all other kinds of weapons, conventional and nuclear? However, until such time as international agreements are made, we must keep abreast of the Soviet Union in the arms race, not only for our own protection, but also—and this becomes increasingly important—that we may have the necessary bargaining power to effect disarmament agreements.

Today, many questions are interrelated: the specific trouble areas, the new cataclysmic weapons, the lesser tactical nuclear weapons, the old conventional armaments. In the long view of history, it will not matter much which is "settled" first, what precedes or is linked with what; but what does matter is that we discern, discuss, proceed, negotiate and publicly air the revolution in international relations that has been produced by the stupendous revolution in military technology. In the process, the problems will be specified, narrowed and pragmatically linked. Out of all this must come the beginning international agreements involving all armaments—banning some of the weapons and rigidly limiting the others.

In the airing of this whole question during the next few years, it will be seen that the problems are even more complicated than at first supposed. Because all armaments are involved, all the nations are involved. A mere agreement between the present-day nuclear powers will not suffice. Potential nuclear powers of the future must be bound by the agreements, and since all armaments must come to be limited, all nations must be bound. If Red China

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should refuse to be bound by the agreements, then we might be forced to go ahead with a more rapid development of collective security, a United Nations police force, itself backed by nuclear weapons until such time as China would consent to be bound. If events should take this course, then Chinese intransigence would have served to accelerate world organization.

During the next decade, then, the problems will become clear, and some beginnings will be made. To assume otherwise is to assume the complete nonrationality of man. But although man is nonrational, he is not a lunatic. Nor are the Communists, fundamentally, any more nonrational than other folks. Even the slightest sense of history would save us from falling into the fatuous error of thinking that our opponents of the historical moment are fundamentally different as human beings from ourselves.

We are indeed at one of the great watersheds of history, at one of those rare and momentous times requiring a higher realism in international relations, a revolutionary introduction of new elements in world politics. It is a time analogous to that which faced Richelieu, when he boldly used the new monarchical nationalism, with its centralized control over gunpowder and professional armies, to beat down his opponents abroad who still relied on the older feudal and religious elements.

At long last we seem to be at the *beginning* stages of an international institutionalizing of real restraints on the nations. What gunpowder did to tame the feudal provinces, nuclear weapons seem now about to do to tame the national states. It will take time; to repeat, we are at just the start of the process.

There has seemed to be a terrifying complacency about nuclear weapons, a stupid assumption that we are already in the *pax atomica*. War has been made so horrible that nations may spontaneously refrain from engaging in it. Then why bother about making disarmament agreements, about institutionalizing peace?

Now, however, we seem to be having sober second thoughts. Many questions are being asked. What about an annihilating accident? What about a big gamble? What about man's propensity for magnifying the immediate gain, no matter what the larger long-

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time consequences? What about the time when there will be not two or three nuclear powers, but many of them? Will not the chances of the annihilating accident and the big gamble then multiply many times? Will we not then be living indeed in a nightmare and lunatic world?

True, some few people still refuse to think of this as a nightmare world. They continue to say: "But we did not use poison gas. Nuclear weapons are like poison gas. They will never be used." This, of course, is nonsense. Poison gas was never thought of except as possibly an incidental weapon, but nuclear weapons are now at the very center of military planning, and they constitute the major portion of our budget.

The yearning to be free from the pending threat of a man-made apocalypse has now become overwhelming. Witness the sensational outpouring of people in Asia to welcome Eisenhower. There has been nothing like it in the long-recorded history of these ancient lands. Actually, there is less danger in a country like India from a direct nuclear attack than in Russia, or Western Europe, or America, but the millions came as pilgrims of peace to catch a glimpse of one they regarded as symbol of their spiritual craving. To be sure, the underdeveloped peoples have much to gain economically from disarmament, for a considerable amount of the capital saved from armaments would go into their own industrialization. But these outpourings of the peoples did not come from economic motives; they came from longings even more elemental.

In Britain, there is a common feeling that World War II represented the limits of human endurance. There, it is often said: "We could not go through again what we went through last time. You Americans do not realize how near we came to the breaking point. Now, if nuclear war means war infinitely more terrible—and it does—then we Britons, for all our vaunted endurance, could not take it." Reports coming from Britain during the election campaign of last October indicated that the voters of all parties were more concerned about a summit conference, negotiations, rapprochement with the Soviet Union, and peace, than about anything else.

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In Russia, the urges for an institutionalized peace run deep. Since 1914, the Russian people have suffered staggering hardships —foreign invasions, revolutions, civil wars, plagues, famines, back-breaking five-year plans. Is there to be no end to their sacrifices? Instead of the good things of industrialism, so repeatedly promised them, are they to reap only increasing armament burdens and the threat of exterminating war?

In the United States, too, where there has been far less suffering from the wars and upheavals of this century than in the rest of the world, there is a rapidly growing awareness of the revolution wrought by nuclear armaments. There is increasing concern for the American economy. The dollar gap in foreign trade has been closed; the balance of trade now tends to run the other way; there is some fear for the American gold supply; there is a creeping, nagging inflation; there is growing apprehension over the stability of the American dollar. How long can rich America afford the nuclear armaments race without endangering its own economy? The amount spent on foreign economic aid is picayune; the real threat to the American economy lies in the huge expenditures for armaments.

More important than the economic are the spiritual urgings now coming to the fore. There is a new searching of our consciences about Hiroshima. There is a growing number of speeches and articles, among others recent eloquent ones by Lewis Mumford and George F. Kennan, imploring us not to surrender our Judaeo-Christian values. Our institutionalized religious values and our historically developed moral values, which entwine, are beginning to respond to the enormity of the challenge to them. Even the extreme utterances of that provocative old rascal, Bertrand Russell, have burned deeper into our subconsciousness than we like to admit. Increasingly we are thinking something like this: "How can Americans or Communists be so confident about the rightness of their respective sides as to justify a nuclear war which would abandon all human and humane values and completely brutalize man? Do not both democracy and communism grow out of the Enlightenment, and are not the differences that today separate them likely to soften with time? Does it any longer make sense

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to talk of American survival, Western survival, Communist survival? Are not American survival and Western survival and Communist survival now merged with the survival of human civilization?"

There are those among us who still believe it is dangerous to think these thoughts, and even more dangerous to express them. This is unilateral thinking, they say, and what evidence have we that the Communists are thinking the same things? Unless they are, such contemplation weakens "our side" and strengthens the "other side." What a conceit on our part to hold that we alone are thinking in terms of human survival! There is scarcely a visitor returning from Russia who does not comment on the widespread and passionate yearning for peace among the Russian people, and the line many Americans draw between the Russian people and the Russian leaders is an unrealistic one. Khrushchev has given every indication that he is willing to settle for a virtual status quo, and even the non-Communists in the satellite countries appear to view this as the most practical way to achieve relaxation of tension and liberalization at home. It would be tragic irony if opposition from Germany, our confirmed ideological enemy in both World War I and World War II, resulted in blocking our efforts to attain a nuclear peace.

But the "realist" persists. He says: "As for war becoming unendurable, have you forgotten the folly of Sir Norman Angell? Remember that book Angell published just before World War I in which he characterized war as 'the Great Illusion' and predicted that there could be no more wars because industrialism and modern technology had made war too horrible and destructive for people to endure? Since then the two greatest wars in history have taken place. After Sir Norman's nonsense, please do not insult intelligence with any more such rubbish."

Nevertheless, before this century is out, Norman Angell may have become one of the world's true prophets. He correctly observed the *trend*. He miscalculated the *degree* of revolutionary technology and industrialization, the degree of "total war," required to bring about the institutionalizing of peace. We have

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come to speak of World War I as "total." We have come to speak of World War II as even "more total." Before the nuclear revolution, then, we were already coming to such totalization of war as to make war eventually unbearable, but the nuclear revolution has now made war "totally total," and hence impossible if civilization is to survive.

Many specialists in international relations in our foundations and universities are skeptical about a genuine rapprochement with the Soviet Union, and these doubters, in the end, may be proved right in their skepticism. However, we should remember that most of these skeptics are committed to the power-politics concept of international relations. Also, they belong to a generation which has read little history, and it is history which teaches us to see things in the large, to discern basic changes in conditions and the need for shifts to accommodate them. Our academic experts have increasingly concentrated on methodology, techniques of specific decision-making, and the "game theory" of international relations, which presupposes a static situation and leaves little room for growth, novelty and innovation. Their basic assumptions have been formed from one short historical period, the period since 1947, which is unique in its bipolarized inflexibility and intransigence. How many "models" for specific research would have to be abandoned if we were to move into a different international climate!

The politicians, usually resilient and sensitive to shifting currents, and fully alive to the tax burdens of their constituents, are showing more and more interest in American-Soviet rapprochement. After the inflexible Dulles passed from the scene, the search for a new approach to foreign policy gathered strength and converts. Democratic politicians are shaking themselves loose from the Truman-Acheson attitudes of a decade ago (sensible enough at the time), and in the Eisenhower administration there is a growing conviction that the way to insure Eisenhower's place in history and win the next election for the Republicans is to achieve rapprochement and some disarmament. Indeed, there is now a great temptation on the part of Nixon and other Republican leaders to

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win something dramatic, even if it is only a paper gesture. However, even the smallest gains are not to be spurned, and one small gain may lead to another.

And now a longer look into the future and a word of caution. If and when beginning disarmament agreements are made, no matter how inclusive or noninclusive as to the kind of arms covered and the number of nations bound, a wave of optimism would sweep over the nation. Our people would tend to think that our troubles were over, power politics abolished, the problems of international relations solved at last. They would put too much faith in the written agreements themselves, and in the mechanisms of enforcement. At this point, we would need the sober wisdom of the conventional realist and the discerning historian. The conventional realist, wise in the ways of Aristotle, Machiavelli, Richelieu, Fleury, Walpole, Talleyrand and Churchill, knows that the search for stability, the need to maintain a political balance in the world, would continue right on. The world is dynamic, and so the search for stability is a never-ending one. If the disarmament agreements are to work, be implemented, be made more inclusive, and collective security generally widened, there must be and continue to be an approximate balance of interests in the world.

Moreover, after disarmament agreements were made, some friction with Russia would continue. The urge of the national anti-imperialist revolutions to merge with Communist revolution would persist. Although the revolutionary fires would continue to moderate in Russia, they would continue on in Red China, and there for a time might blaze still higher. Red China would continue to foment Communist revolutionary movements in Asia, and there would still be the need for economic-aid programs from the advanced industrial countries to the backward countries. The fissure between Russia and China, now barely discernible, might widen, producing a new power complication, new threats to stability. German nationalism might become resurgent. The Germans still hope to regain their "lost provinces" in Poland and East Prussia. More and more Germans are anticipating a growing rift between Russia and Red China that would present them the op-

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portunity to settle old scores with Russia and Poland. We must be prepared to face these and other possible threats to the power balance that may emerge during the next decade.

However, if disarmament agreements are made and enforcement put in the United Nations, then there would be a tendency to rely more and more on the United Nations. Power politics would continue to be played both inside and outside the United Nations, but increasingly inside the United Nations. Indeed, out of inspection and enforcement of the beginning disarmament agreements, might come a United Nations police force, more inclusive and extensive disarmament agreements, and more and more importance for collective-security agencies in general.

In short, we seem to be moving toward one of those short-time shifts in international relations, rapprochement with the Soviet Union. Out of a new spirit of reconciliation might emerge beginning disarmament agreements. These agreements could constitute the foundation for one of those rare revolutionary shifts in international relations in which a new basic element appears, and all the elements are recombined in new ways. In the revolutionary shift that may be approaching, collective security is likely to move from a peripheral place in international relations to a central place, from a relatively minor element to a major one. However, the older elements of international politics would remain, the quest for balance would continue, power politics would persist. But as these older elements were employed within the context of the new international environment they would undergo modification. The new would be limited by the old, but the old would be conditioned by the new.

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The Net

CONSTANCE CARRIER

Vulcan, the legends say,
jealous of his dominion,
fashioned a net to pinion
Venus asleep with Mars,
the lovers, flushed and drowsy,
in golden meshes caught.
We are not gods, not we,
and none broke on our slumber:
if we, like them, are bound,
the bonds are of our making.
In love, and out of love,
it was ourselves who wove
this net too frail to cumber—
who on ourselves have cast
a web so lightly wrought
we felt all freedom ours,
the world ours for the taking,
innocent and profound—
till now, like strangers waking
into a colder day,
resolved, resigned, to part,
we find ourselves held fast
by threads too fine to number,
weightless until the heart
they fetter would go free . . .
weightless, hair-thin, unbreaking.

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Economics and the Control of Man

ABBA P. LERNER

HOW CAN ECONOMICS SERVE TO CONTROL HUMAN BEHAVIOR? Should it do so? For what purpose? These are the questions I would like to consider here.

In one sense economics neither has nor can have a purpose of its own: it is the study of ways in which people can succeed in achieving their purposes. The economist does not ask what these purposes may be; he is concerned only with the means and methods. Economics has been defined as the study of the allocation of scarce means among alternative ends, and it is not an accident that no mention is made of what the alternative ends might be. The economist as economist can never criticize the ends: he can only criticize means for achieving them; and he can criticize these only by the criterion of their efficiency in achieving the given ends.

But in another sense, in refusing to take any position as to the ends themselves, and leaving it entirely to the individual to choose what he wants to get, or to the group which has somehow arranged to work together as an individual, the economist is silently accepting a most important end—the end of letting individuals decide freely for themselves what they want. The economist then devotes himself to considering how this end can be achieved most efficiently. This idea has been expressed by saying that the economist is basically interested in the maximization of freedom.

The economist is, of course, interested in achieving the greatest possible production of the goods and services the individual would like to have. This is in itself a matter of increasing a man's freedom, in the sense that he is free to enjoy more of the things that

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he wants instead of suffering the oppression of doing without them. But the economist is concerned with freedom in a more basic sense. He is concerned with discovering to what extent it is possible to let one individual have more of what he wants *without taking anything away from anyone else.* This is the kind of efficiency that really can be said to work toward increasing human freedom to the highest degree.

If the end of economics is the maximization of human freedom, it would be something of a paradox if it used "controls" to do this, for the essence of freedom is the absence of controls. I have been in trouble with this paradox a number of times ever since I wrote a book called *The Economics of Control.* Many readers of this book have been disappointed because I do not discuss controls in the most obvious sense of restrictions on men's freedom to choose their occupations, their residences, the prices they are permitted to pay or to receive for goods and services, or the quantities they are permitted to buy or to sell. There are, of course, those who are concerned not with the freedom or even the welfare of the people affected, but with the freedom of the controller, or of a controlling group or elite, to use controls to fashion society, or even humanity, in accordance with certain ideals or messianic objectives. More often there is nothing more sinister about the interest in controls than the feeling that some special situation calls for controls instead of the normal uncontrolled procedures of free markets, or a dislike for the market system, or a failure to understand it. Whatever current dilemma we find ourselves in always seems to be in some way different, so that there is always an excuse for imposing controls in the name of some emergency.

It is hard for me to remember, but it is possible that in 1932, when I first thought of writing *The Economics of Control,* I too had a prejudice favoring regulation by authorities. Or there may be other explanations of my having chosen the word "control." Anyway, over many years, in the course of learning more economics and writing the book, the meaning of the word changed subtly and it was softened. "Control" came to mean to me not commands to people to act in a certain way, but institutions that caused men to behave in a desired way without feeling that they were be-

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ing deprived of their freedom, and indeed, without their really *being* deprived of it. The great paradox is rather that the economist was concerned with understanding the operation of institutions that caused men *freely* to behave in such ways as to achieve the end of increasing every individual's opportunities for doing what he preferred or getting what he wanted. There are situations in which people can be forced to be free, such as those in which laws command them to keep to the right of the road so that they are free to drive with much more safety. The *economic* institutions are those by which people are not forced but induced to do of their own free will what is needed to guarantee freedom in general.

The high prestige that economics enjoys among the social sciences is a result of its success in discovering and explaining the dynamics of several vital processes: how the market mechanism can work to induce the resources of the world to be harnessed to the production and distribution of the goods and services that consumers want; how this is achieved through the unintended collaboration toward this purpose of millions of people who are directly concerned for the most part only with earning a living for themselves and their families; how these millions of people find they can achieve their private ends by doing just the things that are useful for the "social purpose" of helping to provide complete strangers in distant parts of the world with the goods and services that they desire.

Many of the most celebrated economic principles prove to be tautologies whose real contents do not match their external splendor. And this can also be applied to some of the reasons cited for the success of economics as compared with her sister social sciences. The real reason for this success is to be found in the nature of social problems that are counted as "economic." Many times some social action is proposed that is in the general interest, or at least in the interest of what appears to be the majority, but there are some who do not like the results and will not agree to it. To coerce them is considered to be immoral, or too expensive, or dangerous, and so the social action is held up until some way is discovered, or invented, to make it possible for the general consent to be achieved. This means that some device must be developed for compensating

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the objectors, while retaining some of the net benefit all around. When such a device is not found possible, there remains a conflict of interest, and the problem is a political one. Where it *has* been found possible to develop such a device, and a set of institutions has been built up for the regular achievement of such compensation, the problem is declared to be an economic one. Economics is the successful social science because those problems which have been solved successfully are declared to be economic problems. The conflicting interests have been reduced to some common measure, usually money, and full compensation can be paid wherever the benefits from the proposed action are greater than the damages. The solved problem then falls naturally into the realm of social problems to which the measuring rod of money is applicable, namely the realm of economics.

Money and the market are the institutions by which people are induced, or tempted, or bribed, to do what is in the social interest. If this is control, it is a subtle, a gentle, even if very effective, form of control in which the controllees have the illusion of not being controlled but free. One may argue that the donkey who follows the carrot (and who regularly gets one) only *feels* more free than the donkey who flees the stick (and who regularly gets that). But could it not be that this is all that is meant by saying he *is* more free? Is not freedom, after all, essentially an illusion?

The true heroes of the maximization of freedom in our economy were not the classical economists. These merely discovered the nature of the operations of the price mechanism in harnessing the private interests of the enterpriser and the worker to the social interests of producing and providing things that people wanted and getting them to the places where they wanted them. The true heroes were the preclassical *political economists* who developed the institutions that made it possible for the system to work, going back to the ancient solons who developed the institution of private property and then corporate property, who established the rule of law that gave security to property and the freedom of individuals to move and to trade. The classical economists, although they were also political economists in concerning themselves with governmental economic policies for the further development and refinement of

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economic institutions for maximizing freedom, were primarily concentrating on explaining the "natural" working of the system thus developed. This was especially true around the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, when the system seemed to be working pretty well and required little tampering. That is why it seemed appropriate for the name of the discipline to be changed from "political economy" to "economics." The implication was that economists were basically concerned with studying some fundamental or universal aspects of the nature of the world and of men, a study that had more in common with physics than with politics.

In part this was a natural reaction to the annoying stupidities of sentimental socialists or anticapitalists who had no understanding of the complex and subtle machinery that made modern life possible, and who had eyes only for flaws in the operation of the economy of the present and wished only to contrast it with idealized utopias of the future. In part it was a natural reaction to the even more annoying vaporings of opponents of unromantic industrialism and calculating rationalism who believed in imaginary golden ages of the past. But the resulting over-concentration of economists on the aesthetic perfections of perfect competition led to the elevation of the absence of any sort of control, of *laissez faire*, from an extraordinarily effective instrument that was a part of the whole economic system, to a sacred principle of social organization—from a piece of machinery that must be judged by its efficacy in achieving the desired ends of society, to a moral imperative.

In recent decades such pious worship of *laissez faire* has become less and less possible as the responsibility of government for more and more social objectives has come to be taken for granted. The alleviation of poverty, the provision of public health services, the furnishing of education for all on higher and higher levels, the responsibility for the availability of more elaborate and more essential communication services, and the massive equalization of income and of wealth by progressive taxation—all go to make up what might be called the revolution of our time, were not the word usually reserved for more spectacular but less important changes in the life of man in society. And now so vast has become the gov-

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ernment's necessary expenditures for defense, in addition to all these other activities, that it is almost impossible, but alas not quite impossible, for people in authority to be unaware of the way in which the financial activities of the government impinge on the economy. The government cannot evade the responsibility for so directing these programs as to keep the totality of economic activities in the country from generating the evils of inflation on the one hand, and of depression, or perhaps I should say recession, on the other.

It is almost a quarter of a century since the Great Depression and Lord Keynes clarified the role that the government of a modern state must play in keeping total expenditure in the economy, private and governmental, at the level required for full employment without inflation, by appropriate monetary and fiscal policies. When there is too little spending, with consequent unemployment, the monetary authorities can encourage business to spend more on investment and the public to spend more on consumption by an expansionary monetary policy. Such a policy increases the money supply and makes credit easier (by lowering interest rates), thus increasing total spending and employment. When too much spending causes an inflation, the monetary authorities can check or prevent this by a restrictive monetary policy. This policy decreases the money supply and makes credit tighter (by raising interest rates), thereby inducing business to spend less on investment and the public to spend less on consumption.

The government can also reduce total spending by a restrictive fiscal policy, that is, by spending less itself or by increasing taxes so that taxpayers will have less left to spend after taxes; it can increase total spending by an expansionary fiscal policy, by spending more itself or reducing taxes so that taxpayers will have more left to spend.

In choosing between these different instruments for regulating total spending, the government would naturally take account of the condition of the economy, which sometimes makes one of these instruments more effective and sometimes another. The government's choice would also be influenced by its preference as to which of the different kinds of spending to change, using monetary policy

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when it preferred to influence private investment more, and varying certain taxes if it preferred to change private consumption, unless it preferred to modify its own spending program. But despite the way these secondary considerations determined the details of its monetary and fiscal policies, the government could still apply its monetary and fiscal policies so as to maintain continuous prosperity.

At the present time this painfully learned lesson seems to be in great danger of being forgotten or perhaps rejected. This has made the relearning of the lesson, with some changes that will prevent the recurrence of the same crisis, a matter of the utmost importance for the persistence of free society.

I am aware that this is a strong statement, and that I am to be suspected, and properly, of exaggerating the importance of my own discipline; but I am convinced that this is not a crisis for the economics profession but for the economy at large. Indeed, the failure to solve the economic problems of society is the highroad to success for the profession of teaching economics, for in times of prosperity interest in economics drops sharply. It is when the economy is in the throes of depression or inflation that it seems important to study economics and that the profession booms—at least as long as the economy remains viable. The crisis is one of free society as a whole, and it would be wrong indeed if I allowed a professional modesty to curb my wish to speak out about it.

What has happened since the path-breaking work of Keynes is that a new element has entered the picture that he did not foresee, although it is possible now, with the benefit of hindsight, to point to some clues that could have been seen even in his time. This new element is the growth of the power of large corporations and of powerful trade unions to increase the prices of the product or of the labor that they sell, *even in times of considerable depression and incomplete utilization of capacity*. Instead of inflation being caused only by the pressure of buyers trying to buy more goods and services than the economy can produce, so that it is always a "buyers' inflation," it is now possible to have inflation even when this is not the case—even when the output of the economy is far below capacity and there is substantial unemployment. We also can have "sellers' inflation," when prices are raised by the pressure of sellers.

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With this development, attempts to stop a sellers' inflation by restrictive fiscal or monetary measures, which would be the appropriate cure if it were a buyers' inflation, only brings about depression. Attempts to cure this depression by expansionary monetary or fiscal policies only restore the sellers' inflation. The resulting frustrations have induced a regression to a pre-Keynesian worship of a balanced government budget as a charm against the bedevilment of inflation in the midst of recession. Instead of the budget being used as an instrument for balancing the other expenditures in the economy so as to maintain prosperity, prosperity is sacrificed, as in ancient (pre-Keynesian) times, to the fetish of a balanced budget, and the economy continues to suffer from sellers' inflation moderated by induced depression.

In an affluent society such as ours, which could waste 10 per cent or more of its productive resources and still give the unemployed a bearable standard of living, this could be accepted with some equanimity were we not living in the crucial years of the Communist challenge for title to the planet. One can hardly call it a race, for the Free World is barely running. With a few billions of dollars, or perhaps tens of billions of dollars per annum, we could help the uncommitted millions of Asia, Africa and Latin America to raise their standards of living rapidly enough to make freedom meaningful to them, but we are told that we cannot afford it. Additional expenditures on defense might save the world from destruction by protecting the Russians from the temptation of thinking they could destroy our retaliatory power by a first blow (to which the rules of the game entitle them), but we are told we cannot afford that. And we are told this while we are complacently losing some thirty to fifty billion dollars a year from the induced depression, and spending perhaps one hundred billion dollars a year on goods that we need so little that we have to spend another ten billion in persuading ourselves to buy them. The balanced budget (or rather the declaration of intent to balance the budget) is not merely a symptom—it is a powerful tranquilizer. Widely representative of this frightening complacency, except for its unusual openness, is the response of a woman interviewed recently over television. Asked by Dave Garroway what she thought of the United States

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position vis à vis Russia on intercontinental and extra-planetary rockets, she said that the United States had always been and would always be first in everything. When Garroway pointed out that we were not first in outer space, he was met with, "Give us time!"

The apparent political success of such gambling with the future of free society on the chance that we *will* be given time will continue as long as we fail to realize that what we really cannot afford is to check a sellers' inflation by engineering depression. We must check the sellers' inflation directly by preventing administered prices and administered wages from being so handled that they cause sellers' inflation. This means stopping such increases in the general wage level as cannot be met out of increased productivity or reduced profit margins, and stopping such increases in prices of products as cannot be offset by price reductions elsewhere.

Even though such controls need involve no threat to the freedom of individuals and no sanctions more grievous than the elimination of certain tax privileges, there will be strong resistances. But the government cannot evade its responsibility by hiding behind a balanced budget (or the hope of an apparently balanced window-dressing of a budget). Nor can this responsibility be evaded by an unwillingness to see that while we are merely recovering some lost ground, the Russians are increasing their output rapidly and the Chinese promise to grow at an even more rapid pace if they can overcome the stresses of the introduction of a still more violent exploitation of human capacity for toil.

When I say that we may be witnessing in our lifetime the failure of the free world to withstand the totalitarian onslaught, it is not my language but the objective situation that is melodramatic. We may fail because we are unprepared to make the effort needed and because we are using the superstition of the primacy of a balanced budget to excuse the failure to make the effort. Economic knowledge, by re-exploding this reincarnation of an old fallacy, and by showing how the authorities can avoid sellers' inflation as well as buyers' inflation, can set us free to apply our vast resources for the defense of the free world and the economic development of the poor world in our fight with the totalitarian world. This is the task and this is the case for political economy.

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Sunday at the Peacock Cage

Edward Kessler

My unexceptional love, look through the wire
At the exotic peacock, native of India, Ceylon,
Or some more distant place where excess
Is not uncommon. Once when drunk
I declaimed: O sensuous bird of sensuality,
Made human in the name of Pride,
Composed within our tapestry you prove
That God is guilty of bad taste.
Naturally, that was overstated. Yet note
The three-foot luminous wake he leaves,
A little too green, like Easter-basket grass
Or those blankets undertakers spread over graves.
And even assuming eyes appropriate to tails
You would agree two hundred is absurd.
A perfect blending of blue and green,
Though more lustrous than befits
A subdued world, his neck holds up
The most contemptuous head in captivity,
Which always seems to be asking: are *you* real?
No, today, under a sober sky and the gaze
Of a yardful of abiding Puritans,
He won't show off his fan—but take my word
It's bigger and brighter than a Hollywood rainbow.
First Kings tells how Solomon brought

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Gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks
To Palestine. But you, you remember
How Aunt Gertrude once made her own hats
Out of secondhand felt and a peacock feather
From a mail-order house in Chicago
And how she went to church in style.

✪ EDWARD KESSLER is enrolled in the graduate school of Rutgers University. His poems have appeared in the *Saturday Review* and THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, and one is scheduled to appear in the *New Yorker*.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Some years ago a distinguished playwright told me how he had taken his East Side mother-in-law to see Maurice Evans in *Richard II*. The old lady—whose experience with both literature and the theater was extremely limited—listened intently in silence for half an hour, then waved a derisive thumb in the direction of the mellifluously complaining Richard and announced firmly: "I don't sympathize."

Now this was, of course, a fine tribute to the purely dramatic skill of Shakespeare. He had provoked the reaction he aimed at without any direct indication of what his own attitude was. I remember the anecdote at the moment for a simple reason. "I don't sympathize" vigorously sums up my own response to certain modern Richards, namely those who enlarge with too much self-pity upon their "alienation" from modern society, modern man and, indeed, from the universe as a whole. On the one hand I find myself ready to agree with a good deal of their criticism; on the other I am irritated by their chronic reaction to the things we both abhor.

To take the most obvious and least significant case, consider the beatniks. I dislike—almost if not quite as much as they do—the dominant middle-class and organization-man concept of the Good Life. Although we can't all be philosophers, scholars, artists or monks, I agree that too many moderns aspire to nothing more than the "status symbols" that money can buy, and far too few to what George N. Shuster recently defined as the ultimate aim of education: "sharing the life of the scholar, poet and saint." But to respond to this situation by taking a shot of heroin and driving a car at ninety miles an hour seems unlikely either to improve society or, what is more relevant, lead to a Good Life.

Sympathetic interpreters of the beatniks have described them as "taking a revenge on society." For example, the hero of a recent novel is described by a reviewer thus: "Seeing too well in a world dazed by the bomb, Renaud undertakes an alcoholic strike against humanity." But the phrase "an alcoholic strike," like "a revenge on society," seems to me merely comic. It suggests the popular saying about "biting off your nose to spite your face," that being precisely what some intellectuals (including many somewhat above the beatnik level) are doing—as though turning into a dope addict does not hurt oneself even more than it hurts anyone else. It seems only slightly less obvious that the more respectable intellectuals who devote themselves exclusively to exploring and exploiting their "alienation" are doing much the same thing. Surely it is more productive of personal happiness and even "more useful to society" to be a candle throwing its beams into a naughty world than a beatnik crying "Revenge, revenge" from the gutter. We hear a great deal about the responsibility of society toward the individual. The individual also has a responsibility toward society. And if things are as bad as the alienated say, the only way one can discharge that responsibility is by being an honorable man.

I presume that this thesis hardly needs elaboration and is not likely to be contested outside beatnik circles. But a considerable number of the most talented novelists, poets, painters and composers of the present day reveal, even if they do not proclaim,

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their alienation; and it seems to me that their most frequent response is only less grotesque, not more fruitful, than that of the beatniks. Even granted, as most of them proclaim in some version of Yeats's often quoted words that "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold," is there still nothing for a wise man to do except take heroin with the beatniks or, as is usual among the alienated squares, elaborate in more and more complicated phrases their dark convictions?

To this question the hearty do-gooder will of course reply: "Why obviously the thing to do is to work for social improvement. Join the party of your choice and the church of your choice; be sure to register for all elections and attend the meetings of your local P.T.A." Without entering into any question concerning the ultimate effectiveness of such a method of employing one's time, it must be admitted that your alienated artist or philosopher is no more likely than a beatnik to undertake it. Let us suppose, therefore, that he has, like Thoreau, both "signed off" from the church and wished that he could as easily sign off from society as a whole. Of course he will be thoroughly disapproved of almost everywhere outside the circle of the completely alienated; but he might, like a few others besides Thoreau, find in this determination to stand alone the possibility of making for himself a private world from which he was *not* alienated, instead of devoting himself exclusively to the task of saying just how alienated he is. He could even find a few justifications formulated in the past for doing just what he has done.

I seem to remember somewhere in Plato the opinion that when times are thoroughly bad a wise man will merely stand by the wall. Similarly, it would appear from the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius that although the Emperor was no less aware than Yeats of a world in which "things fall apart," he spent relatively little time in either elaborating or bemoaning the lack of wisdom or virtue in society. He determined instead to cultivate them in himself. Then there is even a wholehearted defense of the mere slacker, which is quoted by Montaigne from one Theodorus who held that "It is not just that a wise man should risk his life for the good of his country and imperil wisdom for fools."

As I see it, the question is not so much whether the alienated would do better to imitate Marcus Aurelius rather than Baudelaire and Apollinaire, for it is a larger and, so many will think, an outrageous question. Is it possible that present-day civilization would be in some important respects better than it is if more people had thought less about how to improve society and more about how to improve themselves?

No doubt the medieval monk was too exclusively concerned with his private salvation. But we have gone to the other extreme and are so obsessed with the idea of society as a whole that it no longer seems quite respectable to seek even intellectual or spiritual self-improvement. I am not saying that we are, in actual fact, excessively unselfish. But the cant of the time requires that we should always be asking of any proposed good, "Can everybody have it?" or "Is it an answer to the general problem?" With astonishing regularity I get letters from people who comment on something I have written with a "Well that's the answer so far as you are concerned; I guess it could be the answer so far as I am concerned. But only the privileged, or the lucky, or the well educated, or the intelligent, or the whatnot, can do what you and I can. So what is the answer for society as a whole?"

No doubt it would be fine if we could find a universal formula for salvation. I would welcome a convincing one if I ever heard it. But I never have, and I see no reason why, this being true, the individual should not save himself so long as he is not doing so at somebody else's expense. After all, society is composed of individuals. It cannot be "saved" except insofar as the individuals who compose it are.

I am not preaching universal indifference to society and social action as the highest wisdom. I am saying simply that if and when one individual feels (as so

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many articulate people do seem to feel) that the world is hopeless, then it is wiser to see what one can do about oneself than to give up all hope of that also. "I came into this world," said Thoreau, "not primarily to make it better but to live in it be it good or bad." If you insist, you may soften that a little by substituting "exclusively" for "primarily," but the meaning will still point in the same direction. Or as the same argument was recently discussed in that excellent "little magazine" called *Manas*: "If an artist can find nothing but bad brushes to paint with, he will not dissipate all his energies leading a revolution against bad brushes—but will develop techniques which make it possible for him to paint with bad brushes. He may even discover things that bad brushes do better than good brushes. It is one thing to fight the good fight for good brushes, and another to start to paint."

During the thirties, when most intellectuals moved leftward, quite a number of those who confessed (at least to their friends) that they had embraced communism were nevertheless engaged in writing movies for Hollywood or advertisements for Madison Avenue, while at the same time professing to regard both the movies and advertising as poisonous exhalations from a deliquescent society. Often (and I report from my own experience) they justified themselves by saying that there was no use trying to be anything but rotten in a rotten society. Comes the revolution and we will all be decent. Meanwhile, since we live in an evil society, we submit to it without any bourgeois nonsense about merely personal decency.

Such an attitude is only a logical extreme of the one taken by those who may not completely renounce either personal integrity or personal happiness, but insist upon our duty to think primarily in terms of what can be done for "society," and who sink into despair if we do not know an answer. I will even go so far as to suggest the possibility that society may be in a bad way partly because we have laid so much stress on public education—to take one example—and so little upon self-education. (Perhaps it also has something to do with the fact that I have met "educators" who were not and made no effort to be educated themselves.)

"Philanthropy," so Thoreau wrote, "is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. . . . The kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers. I once heard a reverend lecturer on England, a man of learning and intelligence, after enumerating her scientific, literary and political worthies, Shakespeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Milton, Newton and others, speak next of her Christian heroes, whom, as if his profession required it of him, he elevated to a place far above all the rest, as the greatest of the great. They were Penn, Howard and Mrs. Fry. Everyone must feel the falsehood and cant of this. The last were not England's best men and women; only, perhaps, her best philanthropists." This is a tough-minded opinion. It is stated with characteristic exaggeration. But at least there is something to be said for those who do their best even though they do not see at the moment just what practical good it is going to do "for the common man."

After all the medieval monk did perform a service. Neither the God he served nor the learning he preserved counted for much in the world from which he had retired. But he did exemplify in himself virtues that might otherwise have ceased to exist entirely, and he did preserve learning that without him would have been lost.

What it all comes down to in practice is simply this: if you despair of the world, don't despair of yourself. And it is because so many of the alienated critics of our society with whose criticisms I agree seem unable to do anything of the sort that I find myself alienated from them also.

Thirty years ago when I published a book much more pessimistic than I could possibly write now, I received a good many letters that might have been boiled down to a sentence in one of them: "If these are your convictions why don't you go hang

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yourself?" The answer was, and has continued to be through all such changes of opinion as I have undergone, that there is a private world of thought and endeavor which society has never been able to take away from me.

Perhaps the most curious and shocking result of the exclusive stress upon social rather than upon private ethics is the disappearance of the concept of honor as distinct from that of morality. One of the differences between the two is simply that honor is relevant to the individual only. True, society may be more affected than some social scientists seem to think by the prevalence or scarcity of honor in the code of the individuals who make it up. But the man of honor always asks first whether or not an action would dishonor him personally, and he is not influenced by an argument that his dishonorable act would have no bad (perhaps even some good) effect upon society and is therefore "moral" even if dishonorable.

The world would not now be as profoundly shocked as it was a generation ago by the phrase "a scrap of paper." We are used to having promises so treated. But the Junkers were merely a little ahead of us in their willingness to believe that since the triumph of Germany would promote the advent of the superman, there was nothing immoral in a broken oath.

Many college students, so the pollsters tell us, see nothing wrong about cheating on examinations. "Everybody does it and it doesn't really *hurt* anyone."

In such statements it is easy to see a reasonable application of the two leading principles of ethics-without-absolutes-and-without-honor, which is sometimes called "socialized morality." These two leading principles are: (1) What everybody does must be permissible since the *mores* determine morality; and (2) "Wrong" can mean only "socially harmful."

If you believe all this and also that the only difference between, let us say, an honest man and a thief is the difference between a man who has been "conditioned" to act honestly and one who has not, then there isn't much basis for argument with the student opinion.

When some scandal breaks in government or journalism or business or broadcasting, the usual reaction of even that part of the public which is shocked by it is to say that it could not have happened if there had been adequate laws supervising this or that activity. But, usually, is it not equally true that it could not have happened if a whole group of men, often including the supposed guardians of public morality, had not been devoid of any sense of the meaning and importance of individual integrity? May one not go further and ask whether any amount of "social consciousness" and government control can make decent a society composed of people who have no conception of personal dignity and honor? It was a favorite and no doubt sound argument among early twentieth-century reformers that "playing the game" as the gentleman was supposed to play it was not enough. But has the time not come to add that it is, nevertheless, indispensable?

If the relevance of all this to the first part of the present discussion is not obvious, please allow me to dot the *i*'s. To those who believe that society is corrupt beyond redemption I propose the ancient but neglected concept of personal integrity, virtue and honor accompanied, if they feel it necessary, with the contempt and scorn recently advocated in a telling article in the SCHOLAR itself.

Those who hold that "social morality" is the only kind worth considering tend to assume that the end justifies the means. If a broken promise or a cynical invasion of a private right promotes "the greatest good of the greatest number" then it is an act of "higher morality." That seems to me a curiously inverted, soft-hearted and soft-headed Machiavellianism. The man of honor is reluctant to use dishonorable means no matter what ends seem to justify them. And he seems to me to be a safer member of society.

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reappraisals

F. Scott Fitzgerald: Money, Money, Money

OTTO FRIEDRICH

I

"I know I'll wake up some morning and find the debutantes have made me famous overnight," F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to Edmund Wilson in 1918. Two years later, it all came true. Even before the publication of *This Side of Paradise* in 1920, Fitzgerald tried to go on a date with hundred-dollar bills pinned to his vest. When the book attracted hysterical admiration and sold fifty thousand copies, Fitzgerald's dreams seemed fulfilled. "The offices of editors and publishers were open to me," he recalled in "My Lost City," "impresarios begged plays, the movies panted for screen material. . . . I, who knew less of New York than any reporter of six months standing . . . was pushed into the position . . . of spokesman for the time." What could be more glorious for an Irish social climber from St. Paul than to be suddenly rich and famous? Fitzgerald leaped happily into a New York fountain, got into drunken fights, and generally acted the part of a literary celebrity. At one point, he burst into tears because "I had everything I wanted and knew I would never be so happy again."

It was probably true, although the success that he had in 1920 was nothing compared to the wave of Fitzgeraldism that began about ten years ago. One cannot imagine Fitzgerald enjoying that success today —he would now be a battered wreck of sixty-four, still some twenty years younger than Konrad Adenauer or Syngman Rhee, but nonetheless white-haired and presumably toothless—for the legend is necessarily posthumous. But perhaps one can imagine his unaged ghost smiling, or wincing, at the fact that new scraps of memorabilia keep putting his picture on the cover of magazines like *Harper's* and *Life*. Obviously, both the mass and the relatively select are considered eager to buy copies bearing the magic name. For Fitzgerald has come to represent an ideal of beautiful irresponsibility that we vaguely call "The Twenties." The ghost might also smile at the spectacle of his success in show business, not as a bright young man but always as a tragic failure. The one play that he wrote never got to Broadway, but a play about him was a recent hit. The movie scripts he wrote were scorned, but Hollywood eventually made a movie of his later years, starring Gregory Peck, and some movie critic thought this would benefit Fitzgerald's reputation. To be portrayed by Gregory Peck—what American writer could ask for more?

The uproar over *This Side of Paradise* and its twenty-three-year-old author was based largely on the idea that this was the voice of youth, postwar youth. Gertrude Stein was later to write, in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, that Fitzgerald's novel had "really created for the public the new generation." But even if this were true, why should anyone really care so much

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✪ OTTO FRIEDRICH, a New York magazine editor, is working on a long critical book, entitled *The Dark Tradition*, analyzing the concept of evil in American literature. This essay is a condensation of his chapter on Fitzgerald.

Another section of Mr. Friedrich's book, dealing with Ernest Hemingway, appeared in the Autumn, 1957, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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about the new generation? Youths rarely accomplish much, nor do their eccentricities forecast what they may achieve in their thirties and forties. Although it is impossible now to re-create the atmosphere of 1920, it probably bore resemblances to that of the late forties and mid-fifties. Again there were wars, the old standards of values were shaken, and middle-aged people who control the literary business felt dimly that they did not understand what was going on in the world. Young children were "going steady," as their elders had been "petting" a generation earlier, and the lurid implications of the phrases were emphasized in periodic outbreaks of youthful butchery. The younger generation, which had been given guns and taught to kill people, seemed strangely unwilling to behave itself. What did these menacing young people want? What did they have to say for themselves? Then, as now, anyone who spoke up in reply was saluted as a spokesman—by the old because they didn't know any better, by the young because any spokesman would do, no matter what he said.

Much of the early Fitzgerald seems so remote nowadays that it is hard to consider him a spokesman of anything. Is that simply the passing of time? Things aren't what they used to be, and they never were, as the old joke runs. People who scarcely knew the twenties look back on them now, in this time of gray anxiety, as a period of happy self-indulgence, of what Fitzgerald called, in "Early Success," "the greatest, gaudiest spree in history." But memories of the period, including Fitzgerald's own, are prejudiced by memories of the period that followed. If things were awful after the crash, one feels, they must have been fine before it. "The snow of twenty-nine wasn't real snow," Fitzgerald wrote in "Babylon Revisited." "If you didn't want it to be snow, you just paid some money." But this was also the era of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, of the Teapot Dome scandal, of Al Capone, of the revived Ku Klux Klan, and of the factory assembly line. Many Americans didn't have the money and the leisure to join Fitzgerald in the spree. About 75 per cent of all wage earners made less than two thousand dollars a year. Many were not interested, for, as in other periods that sometimes seem larger than life, most people spent most of their time working at dull jobs, rearing children, worrying about their digestion or their heating bills or their reputations. One chronicler of the period (Malcolm Cowley, *Exile's Return*) wrote that Fitzgerald "represented the new generation of ambitious college men rising in the business world much more than he did the writers." If this is true, and it seems likely, Fitzgerald spoke for an infinitesimal fraction of the population, and scarcely a very important fraction. Above all, he "represented" a group to which he had never belonged. Heywood Broun, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, aptly compared *This Side of Paradise* with *The Young Visiters* and remarked that Daisy Ashford "was hardly more naïve." Fitzgerald's naïveté about "society" is not just the innocence of the nine-year-old authoress, however, but rather a determined effort to pretend that he was what he wanted to be. The hero of *This Side of Paradise* is endowed with all the graces and comforts that Fitzgerald lacked and envied, and yet—this is the novel's essential absurdity—he suffers all the frustrations and bitterness that Fitzgerald had felt because of his own imagined handicaps.

Fitzgerald himself claimed a kind of gentility through the Southern background of his father, an unsuccessful salesman. But his hero, bearing the unbearable name of Amory Blaine, has a father who "grew wealthy at thirty." It was the charity of an aunt that sent Fitzgerald to private school, where he quickly became a prize brat and was accused of cowardice at football. Blaine is misunderstood at first by his schoolmates, but on the football field "he was the eternal hero, one with the sea-rover on the prow of a Norse galley, one with Roland and Horatius." And so onward to Princeton, "the pleasantest country club in America," where Fitzgerald had virtually flunked out, but where Blaine soon becomes, as he might put it, the cynosure of all eyes.

This Side of Paradise was apparently considered daring in its day, since there is talk

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of girls being "deep in an atmosphere of jungle music and the questioning of moral codes." But if Fitzgerald is a true historian of the Jazz Age, no flapper ever went to the altar without her boyish virginity intact. She "questioned moral codes" only by the kind of titillating talk that young girls have always used, and by the kind of frigid kissing that Fitzgerald's heroines seem to perform as a substitute for both sex and love. This is strong stuff for Amory Blaine, however. After the first kiss of his adolescence, "sudden revulsion seized Amory, disgust, loathing for the whole incident. He desired frantically to be away . . . to creep *out of his body and hide somewhere.*" His first love affair—"affair," in Fitzgerald, like "making love," means simply kissing—involves a Midwestern girl named Isabelle. Since she has "been kissed," she is described as having a "desperate past," but the description continues in terms that are largely military. Isabelle is "a doughty warrior." Amory is "a worthy adversary." Isabelle "sized up her antagonist." Another boy is now "*hors de combat.*" The combat ends, as these things do, in a quarrel and separation. Like most of Fitzgerald's heroines, Isabelle sees a man's eyes as two little mirrors, and Amory also finds that a mirror is a compliant paramour. "Silently he admired himself. How conveniently well he looked, and how well a dinner coat became him."

When Amory goes home with a chorus girl a few months later, it seems likely that he may finally learn something, but a vision of the Devil drives him from the girl's apartment and out into the street. Although Amory apparently considers it diabolical that a chorus girl will sell herself for a few drinks, he soon falls "deeply and passionately in love," as Fitzgerald phrases it, with a debutante named Rosalind, who coolly proposes that her "name, good-will, and everything goes at $25,000 a year." One is tempted to diagnose these unsuccessful romances in terms of homosexuality, since the description of lovers as "adversaries" certainly appears homosexual, as does the theory that "the problem had solidified . . . into the problem of sex," as does the assumption that beautiful women are to be had only by deed of sale. To the extent that Amory Blaine is human at all, his human relationships are with young men, and the total suppression of his father seems familiar to the connoisseur of this type of autobiographical breast-beating. But Fitzgerald is too innocent for such sins.

Although Amory does his best to raise a down payment on Rosalind, most handsome and foolish young men are, unfortunately, not worth twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Too bad, sighs Rosalind, because "I'm just a little girl. I like sunshine and pretty things." Since Amory's improvi*dent father had left a mere half-million, the* golden boy has to go to work in an advertising agency and soon drifts down into the "threatening procession" of "unpleasant aspects of city life without money."

> There was the ghastly, stinking crush of the subway . . . a squalid phantasmagoria of breath and old cloth on human bodies and the smells of the food men ate. . . . "I detest poor people," thought Amory suddenly, "I hate them for being poor. It's essentially cleaner to be corrupt and rich than it is to be innocent and poor." He seemed again to see . . . a well-dressed young man gazing from a club window on Fifth Avenue and saying . . . with a look of utter disgust . . . "My God! Aren't people horrible!"

Against the implications of the conviction that people are horrible, Amory relied on the consolation of an ignorant racism. At Princeton, where all his friends bore nicely Anglo-Saxon names and talked casually about "the Superman," Amory had done exhaustive research to prove that "out of every *fifteen* light-haired men in the senior class *one* is on the senior council, and of the dark-haired men it's only one in *fifty*." But the real criterion of success, the real goal, was money. The implication of the Aryans' political prowess was that the blond men were also destined to make fortunes. And that was the main thing for the young Fitzgerald. As a boy, he had once prayed that his father's dismissal would not send the family to the poorhouse. As a man, he bitterly recalled, in "The Freshest Boy," having been "one of the poorest boys in a rich boys' school." With a thin pre-

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tense of irony, Fitzgerald attributed his own views to the young John Unger in "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz": "I like rich people. The richer a fella is, the better I like him."

This Side of Paradise, a tedious, lifeless and ill-written book, not only made Fitzgerald a success—it "haunted the decade like a song," as Glenway Wescott wrote in "The Moral of Scott Fitzgerald"—but it enabled him to marry the girl who had previously rejected him as a bad investment. He had met Zelda Sayre during the war, when she was just eighteen and a provincial belle in Alabama, as eager for the big time as Fitzgerald was, and as fuzzy-minded about it. They shared, with only minor differences, the same daydream—they would have a good time, all the time, for ever and ever. Because they considered themselves glamorous, they would live glamorously, and somebody else could work to pay the bills. Fitzgerald, however, immediately ran into the troubles he later attributed to Amory Blaine, and Rosalind's reaction may be considered an accurate echo. Not only does she refuse to "think about pots and kitchens and brooms" (the inevitable result of struggling along on what would now be an income of about eight thousand a year), but she wants only "to worry about whether my legs will get slick and brown," and she predicts that "you'd hate me in a narrow atmosphere. I'd make you hate me."

The scene is repeated so often in Fitzgerald's early short stories that it appears to represent not only Zelda's judgment but Fitzgerald's view of how women judge men. "There was a man I cared about," complains the glamorous Judy Jones in "Winter Dreams," "and this afternoon he told me out of a clear sky that he was poor as a church-mouse. . . . My interest in him wasn't strong enough to survive the shock." One might think that Fitzgerald would have decided that girls who had to be bought with hard cash might better be left to the middle-aged businessmen who can provide them with what they want and won't bother them with what they don't want. But Fitzgerald decided no such thing. "Part of what Fitzgerald loved very much in Zelda," Arthur Mizener wrote in his biography of Fitzgerald, *The Far Side of Paradise,* "was the integrity of her belief in her rights as a beauty to have pretty things and to let others take the responsibility." A beauty does have "rights," naturally, the same rights as a gigolo, and Fitzgerald was determined to meet Zelda's price. He quit his job, went home to St. Paul, wrote his novel, and married the heroine the week after it was published.

Zelda also wrote, and Zelda painted, and Zelda was a beauty who resented the attentions paid to her husband. Most of all, she kept him at the business of providing glamor long after it required several drinks for them to face a normal day, and several more for them to find any glamor in it. Whether it was true or not, Fitzgerald remembered the threat—"I'd make you hate me"—that he had ascribed to Rosalind. But Fitzgerald loved his wife more than his career. His love for her was an integral part of his dream. In many ways, it *was* the dream. At first, there had been her beauty and her wayward charm—"Scott is a novelist and Zelda is a novelty," Ring Lardner wrote of them—and then there had been the incredible two-stage courtship. Zelda represented his success, the prize he won. As a prize, she was not only a beauty but a "society beauty," the Southern belle whom the penniless boy from St. Paul always accepted at her own evaluation. Fitzgerald never got over the idea that there was something inherently gracious about what Southerners sometimes like to call their "way of life." But Zelda not only represented Fitzgerald's dream, she shared in it ("God loves us," Rosalind had said), as she shared all too painfully in the disillusionment and the crack-up. After Zelda finally went mad, Fitzgerald could never acknowledge that her case was incurable. He knew that his dream had become insanity but he refused to believe it, and out of that conflict between knowledge and belief came his greatest writing.

But at the start of Fitzgerald's marriage, when he busily began writing about a marriage, he seemed to have learned nothing except that romance can turn sour. His

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second novel, *The Beautiful and Damned* (1922), is much less bad than his first, without being much better. Anthony Patch is slightly more disguised than Amory Blaine —he goes to Harvard instead of Princeton, he wants to write history instead of poetry, and his prospective fortune is seventy-five million dollars instead of Blaine's comparative mess of pottage—but we have little difficulty in recognizing the shiftless charmer who demands of an anxious friend: "Does it bother you particularly that I don't want to work?" And there is an ominous new element in Anthony's drinking, not for a good time, but for "that indescribable gloss and glamor that it gave."

The most important new element, however, is the flapper's transformation into a wife. We are taken to "Paradise" and introduced to "Beauty, who was born anew every hundred years," but when she appears as Gloria Gilbert of Kansas City she is the same old Rosalind, explaining that she is marrying Anthony "because you're so clean," scattering her week's underwear on the floor, throwing tantrums in restaurants, smashing cars, running through the woods in her nightgown, and generally behaving like a maniac. Fitzgerald insists that Anthony has the principles of an aesthete and Gloria has those of a beauty. When Anthony's grandfather walks in on their revels, however, their principles pale beside their terror of losing the inheritance. "Anthony is the color of chalk. Gloria's lips are parted and her level gaze at the old man is tense and frightened." After the doddering reformer disinherits the Patches, they gradually sink into a hell of drunken snarling. "All you do is whine, whine, whine," cries Gloria, while Anthony assesses her as "a quarrelsome and unreasonable woman." It is never quite clear why Anthony can't go out and get a job like anybody else—although Fitzgerald begins using one of his pet explanatory phrases, "lesion of vitality." When Anthony wanders drunkenly into a hotel to borrow money from one of his wife's admirers, he puts aside the question of money in order to denounce his quarry as "you Goddam Jew." Beaten up, then, dumped in the gutter, he groans with "the unmistakable sound of ironic laughter . . . like a pitiful retching of the soul." There is a kind of authenticity about this degradation, not the authenticity of something known but of something feared.

The real failure of *The Beautiful and Damned,* however, aside from its dullness and shoddy melodrama, is that Fitzgerald leaves one thinking the Patches were not essentially damned but simply damned drones who would never have had a moment's anxiety if only some kind fate had supported them in the style to which they were accustomed. Even such clichés would have fitted them to perfection. At this point, in other words, Fitzgerald still felt primarily envy for those blessed with money, envy mixed with only a little bit of doubt. "For sixteen years," he recalled later in "Handle With Care," "I lived pretty much . . . distrusting the rich, yet working for money with which to share their mobility and the grace that some of them brought into their lives."

II

The Great Gatsby (1925) is certainly one of the few great American novels of the past half-century. It is so astonishing a creation—so dramatically conceived, so artfully constructed, so wonderfully written—that one feels there should have been some prophetic merit in Fitzgerald's first two novels. Yet *This Side of Paradise* and *The Beautiful and Damned* appear, on rereading, more stupefying than ever. The greatness of *The Great Gatsby* appears to have been caused by a change in Fitzgerald's outlook, a change that can be traced to a series of cracks in the glass house he had built for himself.

Ever since *The Beautiful and Damned,* Fitzgerald had been dabbling with a play called *The Vegetable,* a rather ill-conceived political comedy built around a very funny burlesque of a "common man" as President. Hoping for a big Broadway success, he rewrote it three times, only to see it die in Atlantic City. It was Fitzgerald's *Guy Domville,* his first big flop, his first sign that he could not write one success after another. Yet he fought that sign, still believing, as he

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recalled in "The Crack-Up," that "life was something you dominated if you were any good." Returning home from the tryout to find himself five thousand dollars in debt, he worked twelve hours a day during much of the winter of 1923-24, producing eleven short stories in five months, earning seventeen thousand dollars "to rise from abject poverty back into the middle class." But he wrote to Edmund Wilson that the work had been "all trash and it nearly broke my heart." For the first time, he began to see his career facing the alternatives of "poverty" and "trash."

During this same period, Fitzgerald became friends with one of the most endearing and most tragic figures of American literature. Ring Lardner, Fitzgerald wrote in an obituary essay called "Ring," was "proud, shy, solemn, shrewd, polite, brave, kind, merciful, honorable," but even that string of adjectives only hints at the impression Lardner made on Fitzgerald. He was at once an ideal and a warning. As neighbors in Great Neck, they met frequently and talked through the night. In those long meetings, according to Donald Elder's biography of Lardner, "Fitzgerald was given to extravagant and sometimes fuzzy opinions; Ring was precise, accurate, and well-informed." Although Fitzgerald was eleven years younger than Lardner, he undertook the job of remaking Lardner's career. Failing to convince the older man to become a novelist, he did choose the title and find a publisher for the collection known as *How to Write Short Stories*. It is difficult to speculate on exactly what the sloppy and idealistic young Fitzgerald learned from Lardner's painstaking style and his misanthropic despair, but it is even more difficult to believe that he learned nothing.

In the spring of 1924, Fitzgerald went to the Riviera to write *The Great Gatsby*, and another crack appeared in the glass house —Zelda began playing around with a French aviator until Fitzgerald made such an uproar that the affair was cut short. His success had been called into question by the failure of his play, then his ideals challenged by what he considered Lardner's "emotional bankruptcy" and "will to die," and now there was doubt about the marriage for which he had gambled and won, the romance to which he had committed his belief in the romance of life.

Compared to such deep shocks, Fitzgerald's literary education may seem trivial, but the technical accomplishments of *The Great Gatsby* were also part of Fitzgerald's maturity. Casting off his early admiration for H. G. Wells and Compton Mackenzie, he had read and apparently learned from better examples, notably Edith Wharton and Joseph Conrad. Prodded also by his friends, Edmund Wilson and John Peale Bishop, he learned not only techniques of language and construction but a new attitude toward his work. He learned that the novel is not just a way of attracting attention.

But the most important element in the greatness of *The Great Gatsby*—and a direct result of his personal evolution—was that Fitzgerald finally tried to tell the truth. Instead of attempting to assume the sham gentility and the mainly imaginary problems of the Ivy Leaguer, he returned to the shabby Western world for the character of James Gatz of North Dakota, who "just missed being absurd" but had "some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life." Jay Gatsby, as he had renamed himself at seventeen, had made lots of money, but, like Fitzgerald's precarious wealth, it was not quite legitimate. Bootlegging satisfied the standards of gentility even less than writing. Fitzgerald agreed apologetically—and wrongly—with Bishop's remark that Gatsby was "blurred and patchy" by answering that "he started out as one man I knew and then changed into myself—the amalgam was never complete in my mind." But Fitzgerald's part in Gatsby represented the authenticity of self-knowledge that he would never admit in his early portraits of playboys. Into the vulgar, tactless, "extravagantly ambitious" Gatsby, who had "something gorgeous about him," who was determined to replay his one defeat and "fix everything just the way it was before" —into the great Gatsby, Fitzgerald poured his infinite sense of life as a gamble that wouldn't be worth taking unless the odds

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were long, life as a battle that called for the combined arts of Machiavelli and von Clausewitz.

The gods to be tricked, placated, conquered—for the first time, Fitzgerald admits he is not one of them—stand incarnate in Tom Buchanan, a former Yale football star with "a rather hard mouth and . . . two shining arrogant eyes." He was so "enormously wealthy" that he brought his own string of polo ponies when he moved east from Chicago to the New York suburb on "that slender riotous island" where the novel is set. By the *droit du seigneur* that Fitzgerald dreaded, Tom had invaded Louisville, taken Daisy Fay from the then-penniless Gatsby and married her while Gatsby was still overseas after the war. Fitzgerald's narrator repeatedly describes Daisy's murmuring voice as sensuous or exciting, but Gatsby sees it more simply: "Her voice is full of money." That was Gatsby's perception of the creed, which Fitzgerald summed up in one of his best short stories, "The Rich Boy," that "the very rich . . . are different from you and me."

It must have been painful for Fitzgerald to put so much of himself into Gatsby at the expense of his imagined allegiance to the world of the Buchanans. To anesthetize the operation, he used a device that gives the novel its wonderfully cool tone—the narrator, Nick Carraway, a neighbor of Gatsby, a cousin of Daisy, a Yale acquaintance of Tom. Although connected both to Gatsby's café society world of West Egg and to the Buchanans' fancy East Egg, Carraway nonetheless stands apart from both, not only because of his genteel poverty as a novice bond salesman but because of his insistence on personal honesty and his inclination "to reserve all judgments."

With his usual grandiosity, Gatsby plays host to regiments of New Yorkers in the hope of meeting Daisy again. But it is natural that Gatsby should eventually find that his obscure neighbor is Daisy's cousin, for everything in the novel moves a little sideways or backwards, from varying degrees of falsity toward reality. Carraway first begins talking to Gatsby, at one of the great man's weekend parties, without knowing who his host is. The first descriptions of Gatsby come in wild gossip by his guests —"He killed a man once," says one, and another replies that "he was a German spy during the war." Gatsby's first account of his life seems equally fantastic—"I lived like a rajah in all the capitals of Europe . . . collecting jewels, chiefly rubies, hunting big game, painting a little"—so much so that Carraway feels "the very phrases were worn so threadbare that they evoked no image except that of a turbaned 'character' leaking sawdust at every pore as he pursued a tiger through the Bois de Boulogne."

Like his stiffly formal speech and his habit of calling everyone "old sport," Gatsby's life "just missed being absurd," and yet his story eventually turns out to be true. Similarly absurd and similarly true is his passion for Daisy, once a love, now a fanaticism that makes their eventual reunion almost disappointing. The meeting at Carraway's house begins as high comedy, with Gatsby sending a servant to mow Carraway's lawn in the pouring rain, and Gatsby himself finally appearing, "pale as death, with his hands plunged like weights in his coat pockets . . . standing in a puddle of water. . . . He stalked by me into the hall, turning sharply as if he were on a wire and disappeared into the living-room." With complete confidence, Fitzgerald pushes ahead into pathos as Gatsby takes Daisy to his palace, shows her all the rooms, and even begins bragging childishly about his clothes. He pulls out one fancy shirt after another and throws them onto his bed until Daisy lowers her head onto the pile of linen and begins crying. "It makes me sad because I've never seen such—such beautiful shirts before."

What Gatsby fanatically insisted on, in defiance of Carraway's warning against "asking too much of her," was that Daisy tell Tom she had never loved him. In the ugly showdown with Tom and Gatsby in New York, Daisy does say it, but "with perceptible reluctance," and Tom, by switching from bullying to cajolery, soon pushes her into denying her denial. While the bootlegger has somehow been kept

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honest by "following . . . a grail," Daisy has been spattered with Amory Blaine's conviction that "it's essentially cleaner to be corrupt and rich than it is to be innocent and poor." She acts out her corruption in driving home with Gatsby. Faced with the alternative of hitting another car or hitting a pedestrian, "she lost her nerve," and killed the pedestrian, and then drove on without stopping. It is largely a melodramatic turn of the screw that the victim is Tom's mistress, but it is essential that Gatsby willingly takes the blame, that he watches outside the Buchanans' house to make sure Daisy is safe, unaware that she has calmly reconciled herself to her blue-chip husband while the pink-suited Gatsby stands "watching over nothing." And it is essential that Tom, threatened by the dead woman's husband, also loses his nerve and deflects him toward Gatsby's house to commit his "insane" murder. And, finally, it is essential that Tom and Daisy run away without leaving any forwarding address.

Carraway is forced, then, to stop reserving judgment. Leaving Gatsby, on the morning before the murder, he feels compelled to stop and shout back across the lawn: "They're a rotten crowd. You're worth the whole damn bunch put together." For Tom, at a chance meeting several months later, Carraway can feel only silent disgust. "I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made."

For Fitzgerald that was not only a judgment but an explosion of hatred against all the things he had once admired. Symbolically, he was accusing the rich of murdering him. After all, Tom was the Yale football star, and Daisy was the chivalry-laden Southern belle, the recurrent Zelda figure. But Fitzgerald's judgment goes beyond the individuals and classes involved. To some extent, it is, as Mizener has suggested, the traditional judgment of the corrupt East by the innocent West; but there is a kind of universal horror in the telephone call from Gatsby's last house-guest, who explains that he is now "staying with some people up here in Greenwich," that he doesn't think he can come to Gatsby's funeral but would like the butler to forward a pair of tennis shoes he left behind. Yet despite Fitzgerald's condemnation of the world's brutal indifference, there is a stroke of grace in the appearance of one of Gatsby's alcoholic guests at his rainy funeral, and in the one guest's epitaph: "The poor son-of-a-bitch." Fitzgerald's judgment extends, in Carraway's poetic epilogue, through Gatsby's passionate illusion to the national illusion. Long Island itself had once presented to man a "fresh, green breast of the new world . . . something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. . . ."

III

Fitzgerald's social antics, by this time, had long changed from those of an excited youth into those of a middle-aged drunk. Upset because he was not invited to a cocktail party, he threw a load of garbage over a fence into the midst of the guests. At another party, he collected everyone's watches and jewels and boiled them in tomato soup. And then there came the moment when he flung a ripe fig onto a lady's bare back, only to be ignored by the lady and everyone else. More and more people, in fact, found it best to treat the Fitzgeralds as lepers. They were banned from a number of public places, and he was occasionally thrown in jail.

And yet, like a drugged mouse in a laboratory maze, Fitzgerald kept working. His new novel was to be called *The World's Fair*, or *The Boy Who Killed His Mother*, or *Our Type*, and it contained many of the elements that were eventually to appear in *Tender Is the Night* (1934). There was the Riviera's socially glittering Dr. Piper, who later became Dick Diver, and there was Lardner as Abe Grant, instead of Abe North. But the central figure of Francis Melarky, a successful Hollywood figure

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who comes to the Riviera with his mother and eventually murders her, proved to be something that Fitzgerald couldn't or wouldn't handle, except in the greatly disguised form of the placid young movie star named Rosemary Hoyt. He worked on the novel intermittently from 1926 to 1929, wrote about twenty thousand words, and bragged to his publisher about its progress. Eventually, most of it was junked. Such decisions are always torture, but that was only part of the trouble. If *The Great Gatsby* was the result of doubts and cracks and anxieties, *Tender Is the Night* emerged from upheavals that would have silenced a lesser writer. After a series of shattering quarrels, Zelda sank into schizophrenic hallucinations in 1930 and began a harrowing decade of improvements and relapses that gradually grew more hopeless. Fitzgerald's own health was wrecked, largely by drinking, and his drunkenness was no longer an enjoyment but a necessity.

The structure of the book appears neatly worked out in four sequences, beginning with the Divers' happy life on the Riviera until Nicole breaks down over Dick's affair with Rosemary; then turning back to the Divers' meeting in Zurich, where the brilliant psychiatrist fell in love with his rich patient and became her husband-doctor; then turning ahead to chronicle Diver's disintegration in Italy as he finds that the passage of wasted time has destroyed his affair with Rosemary, as it destroyed his career; then returning to the Riviera for Diver's descent into drunken quarrels and Nicole's return to "health" by remarriage. In its almost desperate neatness, and its theme of vitality passing from husband to wife, *Tender Is the Night* recalls Henry James's most fantastic novel, *The Sacred Fount*, and yet the rondo-like outline scarcely disguises a series of inherent confusions.

To begin with, Fitzgerald opens his novel by presenting Rosemary as the apparent heroine. She is, as John Chamberlain observed in reviewing the book for the New York *Times*, primarily "a catalytic agent" in the breakup of the Divers' marriage. She also represents, in her brittle, ambitious and rather ruthless brightness, the state of young success that Diver once occupied, just as Diver's end is represented by the alcoholic apathy of the idled composer, Abe North, who feels that "my business is to tear [things] apart." But although Fitzgerald uses Rosemary as an observer to establish the proud position from which Diver is to fall, one feels no particular interest in this shallow girl, or in her involvement with the Divers, and one is almost half way through the novel before Fitzgerald makes it plain that Rosemary is of no great importance. Fitzgerald was quite aware of this problem, and he planned a catastrophically revised version, several years later, which would have proceeded in chronological sequence.

But the original structural weakness was based on an essential confusion in Fitzgerald's mind. Once again, he had started with an acquaintance as a model for his hero, and then committed so much of his own feeling to the character that it became largely Fitzgerald himself. He therefore fell into the old trap of ascribing his own experiences to largely unrelated causes that he provided for the sake of the plot. We are told repeatedly that Diver is completely in love with Rosemary. The affair has its narrative purpose, it is designed to prove Diver's "lesion of vitality," and it is plausible because men do try to prove things to themselves and end by proving the opposite of what they hoped. Yet the affair finally becomes believable largely because Nicole believes in it and cracks up over it. There is no such semi-plausibility, however, in Nicole's final affair with a soldier of fortune named Tommy Barban. Her insanity, originally planned as homicidal mania, was ascribed to her seduction by her father; and Fitzgerald has established Diver as a kind of substitute father, whom Nicole must abandon in order to cure herself. But adultery as a proof of psychological health is almost a contradiction in terms. If the charming and intelligent Diver acts as a father, what is the simultaneously animal and stuffy Barban but the neo-adolescent's first boy friend, the anti-father that many girls first choose out of pure spite and soon

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leave. As a second husband, Barban appears to represent not a cure but a relapse. Yet Fitzgerald implies not only that a recovered Nicole *can't* love Diver, but that Diver himself agrees with the terms of the cure. Fitzgerald's preliminary notes, in fact, say that Diver "deliberately brings them together."

The confusion can be explained only in terms of Fitzgerald's own life. Zelda's breakdown was real, as was the affair with the aviator; but that came before the breakdown, and it was not a cure. And if there was no simple cure for Zelda's insanity, there was also no simple explanation like incest. Instead, it was a mystery that haunted Fitzgerald, a mystery that demanded both a cause and a cure. Fitzgerald's own disintegration was also real, as were the drunken scenes and even the beating inflicted by Italian police, which Fitzgerald suffered several years before he inflicted it on Diver. But the original model for Rosemary was not the reason for that crack-up. Like Diver, Fitzgerald felt he had wasted his young success on drunken merrymaking, and it seemed an easy solution to blame much of the loss on someone else.

Yet in spite of its faults, *Tender Is the Night* is unquestionably a great novel. While *The Great Gatsby* represents Fitzgerald's most perfectly expressed insight into the fraud of his own dream of success, *Tender Is the Night* combines that new insight with a new understanding of how and why the dream disintegrates. Disillusion was Fitzgerald's first and most deeply felt sense of the world, long before he had anything to be disillusioned about. But the similarities between *The Beautiful and Damned* and *Tender Is the Night* are less striking than the differences. The disasters in the early novel are melodramatic and even silly because they represent no inherent necessity but only Fitzgerald's self-titillating forebodings. He was not only terribly vulnerable to suffering, he almost courted it. Like Mark Twain and Jack London, Fitzgerald enjoyed vast talent and vast success, but felt some need to dissipate both. When Nicole Diver remarks that "so many smart men go to pieces nowadays," Diver retorts that "smart men play close to the line because they have to." Although the game was emotional, Fitzgerald usually described it in terms of money—emotional capital, emotional bankruptcy—and yet his whole relationship toward wealth had gradually changed. Anthony Patch went to pieces because he lacked wealth. Dick Diver went to pieces despite his wealth, even because of it.

In his youth, Fitzgerald had virtually equated money with success. Both meant "mobility and grace," as well as pretty girls. Fitzgerald rarely thought much about how money was made—or even what money really is, society's payment for time, work and ideas, rather than God's gift to the young and beautiful—but when he did, he assumed that it came from something vaguely unpleasant, like Gatsby's shadowy bootlegging. Sordid commercial work was done as pure necessity, a subject not worth treating in literature, and Fitzgerald seems never to have understood that some men might enjoy making or selling shoes more than they might care about the money involved. But he did learn from his own career, as did Theodore Dreiser, that real success involves doing something rather than having money. If this was still uncertain in *The Great Gatsby*, the uncertainty disappeared by the time Fitzgerald wrote *Tender Is the Night*. Unlike Gatsby, Diver depends not on his money for self-respect but on his career, a career that he has sold on the installment plan. It is the final loss of that career—a loss made specific when his pedestrian Swiss colleague decides to buy out Diver's share in their clinic—that heralds Diver's complete disintegration in the last section. In fact, it is the cause of that disintegration.

The real greatness of *Tender Is the Night* depends on two things that go beyond all analysis. The first is mood, an evocation of time and scene, the Riviera, the late twenties and a society in search of excitement. But it is more. One need never have known Paris or the twenties to feel the sense of the physical goodness of life, and the sense of nostalgia at a man's loss of that life. The other intangible is the character of Dick

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Diver. Fitzgerald committed so much passion to his creation that he achieved a kind of magnetic effect on the reader's emotions. The final shock, the realization that Diver's ruin is really happening and cannot be stopped, achieves its overwhelming force not by exact detail but by the very vagueness with which Fitzgerald ends. "His latest note was post-marked from Hornell, New York, which is . . . a very small town; in any case he is almost certainly in that section of the country, in one town or another."

IV

Fitzgerald finally cracked up in 1935, or so he said. The actual time remains as mysterious as the causes, however, for what he suffered was not a sudden breaking but a realization that he had long been crumbling. Despite the self-dramatizing abruptness of "The Crack-Up" (1936), Fitzgerald explained in the first sentence that "all life is a process of breaking down."

The failure of *Tender Is the Night* certainly contributed to Fitzgerald's sense of disintegration. But this failure has been greatly exaggerated. Although the novel sold only thirteen thousand copies, about one-fourth as many as *This Side of Paradise*, a book with such a sale is no flop. Nathanael West, for example, had much more cause for despair when *The Day of the Locust* died after less than fifteen hundred copies. And while some reviews were hostile or silly, this inevitable side-effect of publication need not have shaken Fitzgerald's confidence in his ability. Nor were the hostile reviews necessarily a result of Depression grimness, a sign that Fitzgerald had outlived his time. The great successes of the year, rather like any other year, included *Anthony Adverse* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Fitzgerald's crack-up obviously began well back in the twenties. The symptoms that he described in "The Crack-Up"—"too much anger and too many tears"—had already been attributed to Dick Diver. In his "uncharacteristic burst of temper," Diver would "suddenly unscroll a long scroll of contempt for some person, race, class, way of life." After *Tender Is the Night*, Fitzgerald temporarily kept the vampires at bay by working on his fourth and last collection of short stories, *Taps at Reveille* (1935). Then, as Mizener puts it, "Fitzgerald turned once more to his personal problem. It seemed to him so overwhelming that he suddenly decided to flee. . . . He went south, to Hendersonville, North Carolina, a little resort town of twelve thousand people. . . . Here he holed up in a cheap hotel and tried to put himself on the wagon." Here, he also learned that he had tuberculosis. According to Fitzgerald's own rather cryptic account, he accepted this illness by deciding to "lie around and was glad to, sleeping or dozing sometimes twenty hours a day and in the interval trying resolutely not to think —instead I made lists . . . of cavalry leaders and football players and cities . . . and of the times I'd let myself be snubbed. . . .

"—And then suddenly, surprisingly, I got better."

When he did finally start to think ("God, was it difficult!"), Fitzgerald decided that all his standards had been imitations. Edmund Wilson had been his "intellectual conscience," Hemingway had been his "artistic conscience," another man "represented my sense of the 'good life,'" and "a fourth man had come to dictate my relations with other people. . . . So there was not an 'I' any more—not a basis on which I could organize my self-respect. . . . It was strange to have no self—to be like a little boy left alone in a big house, who knew that now he could do anything he wanted to do, but found that there was nothing he wanted to do."

In trying to account for the "real dark night of the soul," when "it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day," Fitzgerald reasserted his theory of emotional bankruptcy. "For two years my life had been a drawing on resources that I did not possess. . . . I had been mortgaging myself physically and spiritually up to the hilt." The theory sounds good, but it just isn't true. Emotion is not capital. You don't earn it or accumulate it. You can't store it up and get interest payments on it. You don't have just a certain amount to spend, and you can't get a mortgage or "draw on"

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it. Emotion resembles not the law of supply and demand but the miracle of the loaves and fishes. What Fitzgerald meant by emotional bankruptcy was actually a kind of emotional atrophy. It has often been noted that promiscuous women are usually frigid, and that promiscuity is not a cause but a result of the frigidity, implying miserliness rather than bankruptcy. The sense of caring dies away not from having been used too much but from having been used too little, or from having been stunted by misuse.

As a desperate search for salvation, "The Crack-Up" is one of the most moving things Fitzgerald ever wrote. And instead of the disintegration of reality that marks the usual crack-up, Fitzerald's breakdown often seems like an awakening from unreality, from a pleasant dream that had gradually become a nightmare. Yet despite his fierce attempt to discover the truth about himself, there is a certain falsity about all of "The Crack-Up," a holding back, a pretense that all has been said when all has not been said. It resembles the state, described by many psychoanalysts, in which a patient has gone halfway and hysterically insists that he is cured. And then there is a certain falsity in the act of public confession itself. *Qui s'accuse, s'excuse.*

Although Fitzgerald had developed from a Dick Diver into an Abe North, he still retained enough of the ambitions of St. Paul to keep working. He had always done lots of hack magazine-writing, and usually enjoyed the hack's pride in craftsmanship, but it was getting harder both to do the work and to enjoy it. Yet he plunged on, in the late thirties, moving to Hollywood and getting himself a job at one thousand dollars a week, worrying about his daughter's college "career" and even managing to get himself so wrought up about script-writing, that he protested bitterly when his work was rewritten. Contrary to common opinion, the talented hack cares deeply about his hack work, and no real talent is ever blunted by working for money. But hack work is work, like any other kind of writing, and alcoholism sapped Fitzgerald's energy. He struggled with a Joan Crawford movie called *Infidelity*, with *The Women* and *Madame Curie* and even *Gone With the Wind*, all obviously Hollywood's idea of "prestige pictures" that needed the literary touch. Convinced, finally, that he "couldn't make the grade as a hack," Fitzgerald began working in 1939 on his mysterious final novel, *The Last Tycoon.*

The Fitzgerald legend requires that his last, unfinished work be his greatest. Edmund Wilson, in publishing the first six chapters and the notes for the rest in 1941, called *The Last Tycoon* "Fitzgerald's most mature piece of work." From Stephen Vincent Benét and John Dos Passos and Alfred Kazin and a chorus of other admirers came a Gloria of agreement. The legend ignores the fact that most once-great writers, like most ex-champions of the prize ring, "never come back," but it satisfies the poetic image of a Beethoven sketching his Tenth Symphony, a Mozart dying while trying to complete his Requiem Mass. And not only the legend of Fitzgerald as the *poète maudit* but the legend of the twenties as a golden age contributes to this evaluation. Sheilah Graham, the Hearst movie columnist, recently added her bit to the legend by producing a memoir—in "collaboration" with Gerold Frank, since we have reached the stage where even writers have ghost writers—describing her years as Fizgerald's last mistress and the inspiration for his last heroine. Necessarily, Edmund Wilson leaped forward to praise the book for its descriptions of Fitzgerald writing under pressure.

This has little connection with the published manuscript of *The Last Tycoon.* The novel was planned as a work of sixty thousand words, and the published version of seventy thousand represents scarcely a beginning. Fitzgerald must either have gone on to create a work of Tolstoyan proportions or to scrap most of what he had written before his fatal heart attack in 1940. Certainly the former possibility is the more interesting, just as the most interesting part of the novel is the outline and notes for what Fitzgerald didn't write but might have written. A Tolstoyan novel about America might well be conceived in terms of Hollywood as both a cause and a creation of the

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American fantasy. And Fitzgerald clearly was planning something on a grandly national scale. In the very first chapter, the narrator's transcontinental plane is forced down in Nashville, Tennesee, and she leaves the suicide-bent Manny Schwartz at the closed doors of the home of Andrew Jackson. Later, there was to have been a visit to Washington, illustrating in a half-ironic way what Wilson calls "the relation of the moving-picture industry to the American ideals and tradition." Every smallest detail of the book was designed as part of the grand pattern. It had opened with a plane flight and it was to end with a plane crash that killed Monroe Stahr, Hollywood's last tycoon, the last symbol of what Fitzgerald apparently considered the American system. Even the personalities of the children who found and looted the corpses were to be fitted into the pattern.

It is all infinitely neat, a kind of latter-day *Golden Bowl*, and the rather Woolfian style justified Fitzgerald's boast that nothing he wrote could be completely bad. Yet the over-all pattern, which all the pieces were finally supposed to form, remains largely a matter of conjecture. Several of the outline's main themes—the struggle between Stahr and the villainous Pat Brady for control of the studio, the movie industry's labor disputes, the growth of union gangsterism—are scarcely hinted at in the first six chapters. And speculations about what Fitzgerald hoped to write are particularly shaky since the available manuscript is a remarkably crude piece of work. It starts out, like *The Great Gatsby*, with a half-committed narrator, Brady's daughter, Cecilia, a college girl who is vaguely in love with Stahr. This narrator appears and disappears, however, according to Fitzgerald's convenience.

If the dying Fitzgerald were the master that his admirers claim, such stumbling might have been corrected or disguised in the finished work, but the printed manuscript scarcely justifies the opinion that Fitzgerald had somehow developed greater insight since he wrote *Tender Is the Night*. In fact, the opposite seems implicit in his defensive boast to an editor that his new novel "is not the story of deterioration—it is not depressing and not morbid. . . . It is an escape into a lavish, romantic past." There is nothing intrinsically wrong with such an escape, but Fitzgerald's view of the "lavish, romantic past," both his own past and that of the nation, was warped by false judgments and false values. He created Stahr as a kind of king and repeatedly described him in terms of regal trappings. He looked "a little like the Emperor. . . . He was their man, the last of the princes."

This is not just a matter of money, as it would have been in Fitzgerald's earlier work, although Stahr has earned a good deal and controls even larger fortunes. Instead, Stahr's mastery is a result of his skill, his gift, his knowledge. Like Diver, and like Fitzgerald, his being depends on his work. Stahr works virtually all the time, and he knows what he is doing, while Brady represents only the gambling of finance and doesn't "know even the ABC's of dubbing or even cutting." But unlike Diver and Fitzgerald, who knew the reality of failure in their work, Stahr is granted a success that Amory Blaine only dreamed of. It is a success combining not only creative achievement and plenty of money but the ultimate intoxication that Fitzgerald himself had never known—power. Like another Frank Cowperwood, Stahr makes men and ruins them, builds and destroys, and surrounds himself with deferential dependents. In that, above all things, he is a king.

But what sort of an empire is this? An empire of collapsible scenery, collapsible hacks, parasites and schemers—is this an empire or a glorified tree-house? The artificiality of Hollywood has long impressed visiting writers as an ironic setting, of course, and Nathanael West said it all in the riot that ends *The Day of the Locust*. But less skilled hands have usually labored to turn irony into banality. Fitzgerald was wiser to leave the irony in the background and to concentrate on writing a serious novel about what is after all an important industry. Yet it is not "serious" to accept an industry's evaluations of its "tycoons," and there is no sign that Fitzgerald viewed Stahr with any less awe than Stahr's flunkies did.

There is no reason for Stahr to be a

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mental giant, for genuinely great movies have never required the wisdom of a Spinoza. But Fitzgerald not only insists on Stahr's ignorance—"Who was Spengler?"—but describes his whole concept of movies in terms of a dismal mediocrity. "The story we bought had shine and glow—it was a happy story," Stahr grumbles during a conference about a script. "This is all full of doubt and hesitation." It would be pleasant to believe that Fitzgerald is being ironic, or even that he is chronicling a scene that he disavows, but there is no sign of it. "Stahr . . . was a marker in industry like Edison and Lumière and Griffith and Chaplin," Cecilia declares. "He led pictures way up past the range and power of the theatre, reaching a sort of golden age." It is Cecilia herself who seals off the possibility of Stahr emerging either as a really grand man or as himself. The whole value of Nick Carraway was that he thought Gatsby "represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn," and yet he also saw that Gatsby was "worth the whole damn bunch put together." In Cecilia, Fitzgerald chose a narrator not only committed to Stahr but girlishly in love with him. Stahr is handsome, sad, attractive—instead of being a beautiful young paragon, like Amory Blaine, he is, as Fitzgerald yearned to be, a beautiful middle-aged paragon. Instead of bringing Stahr to life, Cecilia's narration attempts to make him larger than life, inflating him into one of those giant pagan idols which topple in flames in the kind of movie that Stahr would have liked.

There are wonderful scenes in *The Last Tycoon*, wonderful ideas, wonderful phrases, wonderful beginnings of characters, and the love affair between Stahr and Kathleen is far better than any romance Fitzgerald had ever written before. The whole novel depends on the character of Stahr, however, not only as a man but as a "tycoon," and it is his very tycoonishness that makes him more an idealization than a human being. This was an unusual falsification for Fitzgerald to attempt. In fact, the change in his approach between 1933 and 1939 is as striking as the change between 1921 and 1924, not a growth now but a retrogression to the success-worship of his youth.

Part of the reason may lie in the comparative failure of *Tender Is the Night*, and in Fitzgerald's determination that he would avoid anything "depressing and . . . morbid" in climbing back to the success of his twenties. The more fundamental reason is that his alcoholism, his debts, his marital catastrophe, had thrown him back into the same situation that he suffered in 1919. "A man does not recover from . . . jolts," Fitzgerald had written in describing his crack-up, "he becomes a different person and, eventually, the new person finds new things to care about." The number of new personalities one can acquire is limited, however, and there comes a time when it is easier to revert to a previous personality. So in 1919, Fitzgerald had thought that "life was something you dominated if you were any good." Twenty years later, he no longer thought that he could dominate it, but he returned to the idea that it could be dominated, by someone like Stahr, someone who was "good enough." Fitzgerald was once again the poor boy from St. Paul, impressed not so much by wealth now as by success, by the domination of life. In the intervening years, he had had his own success, and he had seen through it, and his greatest work had been the expression of that vision. But now he had lost the glamor of success again, now he again needed money to hold his head up. Those who enjoyed success seemed again to be the happy few, larger and better than life, "different from you and me." And Scott Fitzgerald was the poor boy outside the window, looking in at the glamorous people dancing. He no longer wanted to throw garbage at them. He just wanted desperately to be one of them.

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. . . . . *The Revolving Bookstand* . . . . . .

The Legacy of Letters

DELANCEY FERGUSON

THE SWINBURNE LETTERS. Edited by Cecil Y. Lang. In six volumes: Vol. I, 1854-1869; Vol. II, 1869-1875. *Yale University Press, 1959. $20.00.*

MARK TWAIN-HOWELLS LETTERS: The Correspondence of Samuel L. Clemens and William D. Howells, 1872-1910. Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson, with the assistance of Frederick Anderson. Two volumes. *Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1960. $20.00.*

THE LETTERS OF HERMAN MELVILLE. Edited by Merrell R. Davis and William H. Gilman. *Yale University Press, 1960. $6.00.*

STEPHEN CRANE: Letters. Edited by R. W. Stallman and Lillian Gilkes. *New York University Press, 1960. $6.50.*

Letter-writing in the nineteenth century reached an all-time high. Cheap postage and quick service encouraged communication, and the telephone had not yet supplanted paper and ink. During the past twenty or thirty years of the twentieth century the publication of authors' letters has increased from a modest rivulet to a torrent which shows no sign of abating. Before the waves engulf us it might be well to take a critical look at a few recent editions—at their literary content and interest, and at some editorial problems and techniques involved.

When an eminent Victorian died it was standard procedure to arrange for a discreet "Life and Letters." By the time that all allusions, even faintly derogatory, to the subject's surviving contemporaries had been deleted, and the subject himself had been purged of irreverence, coarseness and slang, the attenuated personality which remained could be guaranteed not to bring a blush to Miss Podsnap's cheek. It might, however, bring a yawn to her lips.

But the editorial problem remains. In publishing private letters, at least two editions are usually necessary. The first, made while the author's circle is still alive, must conform to restrictions imposed by his friends and heirs, who may rightly object to the public airing of their private affairs. Not until half a century or more after the subject's death, when all his family and friends have been neatly buried, may it be possible to bring out a really inclusive and definitive edition. The collections here under review all aspire to be definitive; if they aren't, it is not for lack of diligence on the part of the editors.

There is no necessary relation between the number of a man's letters and their biographical importance, nor between their number and his place in literary history. Pope's letters fill seven volumes in George Sherburn's edition; Horace Walpole's, edited by Wilmarth Lewis, will ultimately run to several dozen. On the other hand, the surviving correspondence of Goldsmith and Fielding could all be housed in one moderate-sized pamphlet. Byron's best letters, like Dickens' and Stevenson's, are fun to read because their authors let themselves go; most of George Eliot's and Browning's are dull because their authors held themselves back. Yet in all these cases an adequate biography could be written even if every vestige of their correspondence had perished.

But with Burns, with Jane Austen, with Emily Dickinson, every recoverable scrap

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DELANCEY FERGUSON has edited *The Letters of Robert Burns* and *R. L. S.: Stevenson's Letters to Charles Baxter.* He is the author of *Pride and Passion: Robert Burns* and *Mark Twain, Man and Legend.*

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Should the Book Publishing Industry Set Up a Self-Policing Program?

In the belief that the freedom to write and the freedom to read are of interest and concern to readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *and to all readers of books, we print here the full statement presented by Dan Lacy, Managing Director of the American Book Publishers Council, to the Subcommittee on Postal Operations of the House of Representatives Post Office and Civil Service Committee at a hearing on February 5, 1960. This hearing was called by Representative Kathryn E. Granahan, chairman of the Subcommittee, to investigate what the Motion Picture Association of America, the Magazine Publishers Association and the American Book Publishers Council were doing through codes or other means to "prevent the overdramatization of sex and the spread of obscenity among our youth through their channels," as the Subcommittee had recommended.* —EDITOR

First let me identify the American Book Publishers Council. The Council is the general association of book publishers in the United States. Its 162 member firms include almost all general publishers; most scientific and technical book publishers; many medical publishers; almost all university presses; publishing houses of many of the major religious denominations; the larger book clubs; and the major publishers of inexpensive paperbound books. Every major general book publishing house is a member, and it is estimated that its members publish about 90 per cent of the books, other than textbooks and encyclopedias, published in the United States.

To turn to the subject of the hearings, the phrase "self-policing" and the many similar ones used by all of us in discussing this problem are ambiguous. It is of the greatest importance to define their meaning—or meanings—precisely. One meaning of the concept of self-policing is that an obligation rests upon every individual publisher to carry out his function not only with full regard to the law but also with a high sense of individual professional and ethical responsibility. With this concept we are wholly in accord. The bylaws of the American Book Publishers Council provide that a publisher cannot be admitted to the Council unless the Admissions and Membership Committee and the Board of Directors are satisfied that its publishing business is conducted in the public interest. Furthermore a procedure exists by which a member firm may be expelled upon the basis of a finding that it is engaged in publishing practices inimical to the public interest.

We believe, indeed, that a publisher assumes and must assume, before the law, before public opinion, and in a financial sense, the sole and undivided responsibility for his acts as a publisher. This is a responsibility that in our view cannot be diluted or shared. The publisher is and ought to be wholly and individually accountable.

The record makes it abundantly clear that self-control through individual responsibility is diligently exercised by established publishers. In the years since 1950 the members of the American Book Publishers Council have published something on the order of a hundred thousand different books and have sold far more than a hundred thousand others from their backlists. (I am here referring, of course, to hundreds of thousands of *different* book titles; the number of *copies* would be in the billions.) These have passed through the mails and have been sold in every state of the Union and in thousands of municipalities with widely varying obscenity statutes and ordinances. To the best of my knowledge over this whole period, in all this almost infinite series of transactions, there has been no final judicial decision anywhere that any book published by any

(Continued on Page 438)

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(*Continued from Page 406*)

of correspondence must be garnered, because their lives were spent for the most part in secluded ways. Lacking their letters, we would know little more about their private personalities than we know about Shakespeare's. Among the collections here considered, Stephen Crane and Herman Melville are in the category with Burns and Dickinson; Swinburne, Mark Twain and Howells lived as publicly as Byron and Dickens.

The Swinburne letters represent, in a single package, most of the problems confronting an editor. The letters are numerous—Cecil Y. Lang's edition will contain about 2,000, and the poet wrote many more than that. They are widely dispersed, and even more widely various in interest, from the wholly trivial to the absorbingly personal. They reflect copious reading in four languages besides the author's own, including byways which the average reader never has a chance to explore. And, as a concommitant of this last, a good many are of the sort which prim dealers describe as "unpublished and unpublishable."

The censor with the shears has been busy. Ironically, one of the worst casualties is Swinburne's letters to his family. There, if anywhere, he was on his best behavior. But his cousin, Mary Gordon (Mrs. Disney) Leith, edited the letters. They, says Mr. Lang, "must have had God's plenty of the wonderful kind of trivia that justifies itself." All this she swept away, as somehow disturbing "the marmoreal image of Algernon that she wanted to bequeath to posterity." She even suppressed the family nicknames. Then, to make sure that no one else should undo her blunders, she burned the originals.

Other arsonists have dealt with many other Swinburne letters, but it may be doubted if any of those that perished were more scandalous than those that survive. For the *reductio ad absurdam* of precautionary measures, consider the case of eighteen letters, now in the British Museum, from Swinburne to the murky Charles Augustus Howell. Mr. Lang's experience is too good to omit:

"They used to be, and no doubt still are, withheld from public inspection, shrouded in heavy paper and secured against clandestine violation by heavy cord knotted and fixed with sealing wax bearing the impress of an official stamp, deposited in a locked cabinet in the private office, and behind the desk of the Keeper of Manuscripts. . . . The parcel could be breached only by the Keeper himself in the presence of witnesses, who were obliged to affix their signatures, with the date, to the paper wrapping; another ritual, of course, celebrated their safe return. The present editor was granted the privilege of observing these mummeries . . . only after weeks of delicate manoeuvering and negotiation. Several years later, a request to see the manuscripts once more . . . was peremptorily refused. . . . The Keeper . . . could not 'be breaking the seal every two or three years.' Another request, put two years later still, had more felicitous results, a new Keeper having succeeded, . . . and the editor, therefore, is now able to guarantee the accuracy of these transcriptions."

All this to-do might lead a reader to expect something very juicy. He would be disappointed. The recurrent topic with Howell is the highly specialized one of flagellation. Swinburne's experience of "swishings" at Eton had given him a permanent psychic twist, but his reiterated delight in the details of bloody floggings is unlikely to stir readers who do not share his aberration. Nor are his ribald parodies of the Brownings and the Bible titillating, although they can, even today, startle the orthodox. But, oddly enough, the British Museum does not hide the letters to the Rossettis and others in which these black pearls are imbedded.

To the normal occupational hazards of editing, however, Swinburne adds a new one. Understanding and annotating these letters has compelled the editor to familiarize himself with the complete works of De Sade, the "divine Marquis" quoted by the poet on every possible and impossible occasion. Incidentally, though, Mr. Lang partly absolves Monckton Milnes of the charge of corrupting Swinburne. The avail-

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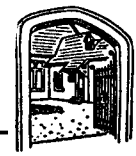

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able evidence suggests that Milnes hesitated long about admitting the poet to study his collection of erotica, yielding only when it became clear that Swinburne had already initiated himself. In spite of their common bond, however, the two drifted apart. In 1874 Swinburne was dismayed to learn that Morley had commissioned Milnes to review *Bothwell* for the *Fortnightly*. He would rather, he said, have been reviewed by anyone else alive, even by Robert Buchanan: "I do shrink from the rancid unction of that man's adulation or patronage of criticism."

Swinburne and his friends were aware that some of his letters might cause embarrassment, or worse, if they got abroad. Gabriel Rossetti in 1871 foresaw danger: ". . . every line you have ever written will one day be religiously raked up by greedy and often doubtless malevolent exploiteurs, and it is very hard for those who receive these wonderfully funny things of yours to resolve on taking the only safe course with them—that is, to destroy them after they have been abundantly laughed over by a circle of friends who know what mere fun they are." Undismayed, the poet retorted, "if we are to be shackled in our inmost intercourse with our closest friends by the fear of future vermin, we may as well resign all liberty, and all thought of elbow-room for fun or confidence of any kind, at once."

Some months earlier Swinburne had written to W. M. Rossetti in praise of the latter's edition of Shelley: "I rejoice and exult in what you have done. . . . Above all, . . . the noble evidence you have given that . . . the purest barest truth is best and safest for him as for us. . . . I . . . always hungered after truth in this matter of our supreme poet's life—and always believed with my whole soul that a record of facts, unshrinking and unblinking, was what he no less than we would and should have required and accepted."

That Swinburne was thinking of himself as well as Shelley is obvious. Other people were making the comparison, none more bluntly than Bayard Taylor, who in 1867 told E. C. Stedman that Swinburne, "instead of being a prematurely blasé young man o' the world, . . . is rather a wilful, perverse, unreasonable spoiled child. His nature is still that of the *young* Shelley, and my great fear is that it will never be otherwise. He needs the influence of a nature stronger than his in everything but the imaginative faculty—such a nature as Byron's was to Shelley. Again, a clear headed and hearted woman could cure him of his morbid relish for the atrocious forms of passion." That stronger nature, in the guise not of a clear-headed woman but of Theodore Watts-Dunton, is on its way by the time Volume II closes. And not too soon.

Whether Swinburne ever carried his sexual oddities from theory to practice may still be debatable, but his alcoholism is patent. The letters are full of apologies for engagements broken because of hang-overs (described as "bilious attacks"); he even missed a date with Ada Isaacs Menken because he had lacerated his face by falling out of a hansom. At intervals his parents took him to the country and tried to dry him out, but he always relapsed as soon as he got back to London.

Presumably the succeeding volumes will be somewhat more subdued in tone, but we may be certain that Mr. Lang's editing will maintain its quality. He is not afraid to smile occasionally—something that few editors dare to do. He remarks, for instance, that Lady Burton "took her religion even more seriously than she took herself," and explains how an undated letter comes where it does: "This date is the merest guess, and was selected as much for convenience as for any other reason." The only point at which it may be possible to cavil is the perennial problem of How Much?—how much text; how much annotation? But that is something to discuss later.

The Swinburne letters present as much of a man as can be recorded on paper—in all the diversity of intercourse with the world, at every level from creation to business. In Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson's edition of the Mark Twain-Howells correspondence, on the other hand, we have a single strand out of the total

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web of two active and complex lives. Comprising 670 documents—even so, scores are missing—covering a period of forty years, it records one of the most notable friendships in our literary history.

Let it be noted that this edition will not require rewriting the lives of Howells and Clemens. The essentials of their relationship were fairly stated by Paine in his biography and his edition of the Mark Twain letters, and by Mildred Howells in her life of her father. What the present edition does is to fill gaps and give warmth and continuity to the record. The two men, so similar in background and early experience, complemented and influenced each other. They shared the same fun, and the same griefs—each had a physically frail wife; each lost a favorite daughter in circumstances calculated to impose the maximum of pain and sorrow.

The strength of the bond between them is best indicated by the strains it endured. In the presidential campaign of 1884 Clemens broke with his party and voted for Cleveland. Howells held his nose and voted for Blaine. In their letters each said bluntly what he thought of the other's candidate, yet they did not quarrel. Even more surprisingly, they collaborated on unactable plays and on money commitments relating to them, and still remained friends, for each sincerely respected the other, as man and as artist. For all their uproarious fun, they retained a degree of formality in their intercourse. The salutations in their letters were always "My dear Clemens" and "My dear Howells," and the latter noted that Clemens had "the fine instinct" of never laying his hands on people.

Some readers may recall Howells' confession about Mark's colorful language: "He had the Southwestern, the Lincolnian, the Elizabethan breadth of parlance, which I suppose one ought not to call coarse without calling one's self prudish; and I was often hiding away in discreet holes and corners the letters in which he had loosed his bold fancy to stoop on rank suggestion; I could not bear to burn them, and I could not, after the first reading, quite bear to look at them."

As late as 1898 Howells acknowledged receipt of "a terrible letter . . . about a brother author." He continued, "After getting the worst page of it by heart, I tore the page into a thousand pieces, but I shall be able to reproduce it against you at the right moment. I never knew a man to let himself loose as you do. I am sorry to say that the family enjoyed that letter as much as anything you ever wrote; I really couldn't say why."

The editors conjecture that the brother author was Bret Harte; they have some evidence to back this conclusion. In 1878, for instance, Clemens had written, "Harte is a liar, a thief, a swindler, a snob, a sot, a sponge, a coward, a Jeremy Diddler, he is brim full of treachery, & he conceals his Jewish birth as carefully as if he considered it a disgrace." However, Harte wasn't the only target for such maledictions. In 1886 John Wanamaker incurred Mark's wrath by unauthorized sales of the Grant *Memoirs*, and was described as "that uncopious butter-mouthed Sunday-school-slobbering sneak-thief." Nor was personal resentment always needed to arouse him to flights of vituperation. He had suffered nothing at firsthand from a South Carolina poet of whom he said, "Let us hope there is a hell, for this poet's sake, who carries his bowels in his skull, & when they operate works the discharge into rhyme & prints it."

All too probably, Howells let decorum win, and destroyed some companions to these specimens. After all, though, the value of this correspondence lies not in the occasional outbursts of ferocity but in the year-by-year—almost month-by-month—record of a friendship. Elinor Howells and Livy Clemens also emerge as three-dimensional personalities, sometimes in unexpected ways. Thus, Livy checked her husband's draft of a speech in which he said that the entrance of an honest man into politics "is like a vase of attar of roses in a glue-factory—it can't extinguish the stink, but it modifies it." Said she, "Your speech *needs* a snapper on the end of it—. . . just say *stench*, that is strong enough." Said he, "It was pretty good advice, & I followed it." This, the editors sensibly note, "is repre-

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sentative of Livy's celebrated censorship of her husband's writing. Here, as often, the distinction seems to concern levels of elegance in diction rather than substantive meaning."

Although many of the brief notes included among the 670 collected items are in themselves trivial, they nevertheless contribute to the continuity, because they all relate to the same four people. When trivial notes to a variety of people are put into print the effect is quite different. This, unhappily, is the case with Herman Melville.

Melville lived to a good age, but he was an inveterate destroyer of letters, and belonged to a family of destroyers. The diligent search of Merrell R. Davis and William H. Gilman has turned up only 270 items, the majority of them of almost monumental unimportance. Perhaps ten per cent of them contain some allusions to his work or express some definite opinions; the rest are routine business letters or family reports on family affairs. Even of these the mortality rate must obviously have been high. He did not even keep his letters from Hawthorne, yet his letters *to* Hawthorne are the most revealing documents that have survived.

At the beginning of their acquaintance Melville—mainly on the basis of *Twice-Told Tales*—thought Hawthorne a fine artist, but lacking red blood. However, after reading *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables* he averred that "there is a certain tragic phase of humanity which . . . was never more powerfully embodied than by Hawthorne." By this tragic phase, Melville continues, he means the loneliness of the individual mind confronting the riddle of the universe and unable to accept the glib explanations of philosophy and religion. "There is the grand truth about Nathaniel Hawthorne. He says NO! in thunder; but the Devil himself cannot make him say *yes*. For all men who say *yes*, lie. . . ."

Of his own work Melville professed to think little. "What I feel most moved to write, that is banned,—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write the *other* way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches." Yet, momentarily at least, he thought differently of *Moby Dick*—"the whole book" was "broiled" in hell-fire and baptized in the name of the devil. On receiving Hawthorne's praise, he declared, "A sense of unspeakable security is in me this moment, on account of your having understood the book. I have written a wicked book, and feel spotless as the lamb."

It is cause for endless regret that Hawthorne's side of the correspondence was destroyed. In happier circumstances the Hawthorne-Melville letters might have equalled the Howells-Clemens ones, for in each case two gifted men met on a basis of shared ideas and mutual respect. (Hawthorne was the only person outside his family to whom Melville signed himself merely "Herman.") For the sake of these letters, of a gloriously comic one to R. H. Dana describing an interview with Edward Moxon, and the correspondence near the end of his life with the Englishman, James Billson, who was one of the forerunners of the Melville revival—for the sake of these, the volume is worth owning. But most of the letters to his relatives are mere padding. No biographer of Melville will ever be able to borrow the title that Mildred Howells used for her memoir of her father—his Life in Letters.

Oddly enough, that title would come nearer to fitting R. W. Stallman and Lillian Gilkes' recent edition of Stephen Crane's letters. Although Mr. Stallman deprecates their literary value—"Crane's letters would not interest us except that it is Stephen Crane who wrote them"—they are, what the bulk of the Melville letters are not, biographically important. Crane wrote only when he had something to say. Often that something was a request for money. Crane and Cora Taylor "began their life together in debt, and they ended it still in debt," all royalty accounts heavily overdrawn. Yet from Crane's brief twenty-nine years, more letters and documents survive than from Melville's seventy-two. And because pressure from the Crane family, coupled with the desire to make Stephen appear the victim of late Victorian prud-

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ery, led Thomas Beer to occasional suppression of evidence, a new biography is urgently needed.

Different as these four collections are in bulk and scope, they all present editorial problems for which no standard practice has yet been established. First of these is the seemingly simple matter of identifying the sources of the text. Most of the collections published by Yale have adopted the method of headnotes to each document, such as "Ms: British Museum," or, "Text, Bonchurch," whereby the reader knows immediately the source of the text and whether or not it has been previously published. But this sensible arrangement is far from universal. The Stallman-Gilkes *Stephen Crane* huddles all this information into a complicated "catalogue" at the end of the book; the Howells-Clemens puts everything in a twenty-page "Calendar," which is admirably clear but space-consuming and awkward to reach. Surely it would be a simple matter for the directors of the leading university presses to agree on a standard method.

As to the text itself, scholarly practice in pursuit of accuracy is showing a tendency to trip over its own feet. Obviously, of course, the duty of an editor is to reproduce the author's words. But what words? The words the man meant to write, or his slips of the pen? The late Hyder Rollins' edition of the Keats letters (Harvard University Press, 1958. Two volumes, $20.00) shows to what Alexandrian extremes it is possible to go.

Keats usually wrote at top speed, but his fingers could not keep up with his brain. "Perhaps" became "perpaps"; "truth" became "thuth." Professor Rollins solemnly printed every one of these aberrations, and corrected them in footnotes. To the average middle-brow reader it would seem that the ideal of scholarly accuracy would have been sufficiently served by an editorial note reinforced by a couple of facsimiles. Most of the present generation of writers type their letters. Will their editors, fifty years hence, feel obliged to print "teh" and "mcuh" every time an author's faltering fingers hit the keys wrong? The sum of the matter is that an editor bears a double responsibility: to the author and to his readers. The first requires him faithfully to convey the author's utterance; the second should forbid him to place needless obstacles in the reader's way.

Footnoting slips of the pen is only one such obstacle. What is gained by reproducing interlineations and contractions? Textual annotation also may become a burden instead of a help. Most good letters include allusions to contemporary people, places and events which the editor must identify if he can. (By drawing freely on masses of other unpublished material among the Mark Twain and Howells papers, Messrs. Smith and Gilman have made their notes almost as entertaining as their text.) No rigid position is possible here; the editor must use common sense in deciding where to draw the line between helpfulness and officiousness. In this endeavor, however, he may have trouble with the editorial board of his press. Take quotations, for example.

The tendency of the university presses is to expect identification of *all* quotes, direct or indirect. This may lead to the solemn footnoting of Lewis Carroll or Mother Goose, but when the principle is further extended to allusions and indirect quotations the point of no return may be reached. The great Victorians were reared on the Bible, and scriptural phrases were part of their daily speech. So were tags from Scott and Dickens, Byron and Tennyson. Identification of all these may, as with some of Swinburne's letters, lead to as many as half-a-dozen footnotes to a page. The thing can finally become a contest between editor and reader, the latter scoring a point when, for instance, the editor, after carefully documenting every reference to Sairy Gamp, fails to recognize the closing phrase of Mrs. Sapsea's epitaph.

Common sense suggests that the rule should be flexible. If the allusion hides a second meaning giving new significance to its context, by all means annotate. If the phrase is nothing more than a linguistic counter, why bother with it? Leave something for the reader to find out for himself.

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There are few pleasures more innocent than the thrill of recognizing, unaided, a hidden meaning.

But some recent editors have gone far beyond identification of allusions. Gordon Haight, in printing the George Eliot letters (Yale University Press, 1955-56. Seven volumes, $45.00), even annotated the weather. If George Eliot complained of the heat, Mr. Haight looked up the weather report for the day in question and noted the degrees fahrenheit. This is not really helping the reader; it is a form of self-display on the part of the editor. The old advice about adjectives applies also to footnotes: When in doubt, omit.

Finally, there is the problem of how much text. Is it actually necessary, or even advisable, to print every note in which Swinburne upbraids Andrew Chatto for the poor quality of his proof-reading? Might not the evangelical cant of George Eliot's early letters be presented in sample rather than in bulk? Well, that depends on your audience.

Broadly speaking, there are only two classes of readers for collected letters: the belletristic browser and the serious student. The former seeks entertainment, the latter seeks facts. The former would be better served by a one-or-two-volume choice of an author's best letters than by an all-inclusive shelfful. Nor should the problem of cost be forgotten; the number of general readers who can afford to pay forty or fifty dollars for a set of books is limited. So are the library budgets of hundreds of the smaller colleges, where purchasing committees have to weigh the price of an expensive work against its possible use in the local curriculum. Yet the needs of the serious student must also be served.

Perhaps the compromise arrangement under which the Boswell Papers are being published is capable of extension to other collections. A popular, or trade, edition of the more widely interesting material is to be followed by a research edition that will include all the documents. This, at least in theory, makes the best of both worlds, for the profits of the popular edition help to pay for its high-brow brother. Actually, it might not be necessary in every case to print all the material withheld from the popular text. It might suffice to put this on microfilm, always to be available for interlibrary loan. The greatest drawback to this proposal is the natural reluctance of the scholars, who have toiled for years to gather documents, to see part of the fruit of their labor relegated to comparative obscurity.

But there is another possibility. The present spate of publication owes much of its force to generous grants from various foundations. But they, having engendered these bantlings, metaphorically cast them on the rocks, leaving their survival to the chances of the market place. Might not an occasional grant be made to insure the circulation of scholarly works to needy and impecunious colleges and public libraries? Or would that be creeping socialism?

Brief Comments

STUDIES IN AMERICAN CULTURE: Dominant Ideas and Images. Edited by Joseph J. Kwiat and Mary C. Turpie. *University of Minnesota Press. $4.75.*

The fifteen essays that comprise this volume have been collected to honor the late Tremaine McDowell, who pioneered in the development of the American Studies program at the University of Minnesota. Their authors, appropriately, are all men who have been connected at some time with that program, and the quality of the work represented here does that program great credit.

Together these essays reveal a great deal about the current concerns that mark "American Studies" as a distinctive intellectual endeavor. No less than seven of the essays discuss the cultural impact of industrialization on Americans. Five explore the relation of one or another of the arts to American society. The opening and closing essays discuss the nature of American Studies as a young and growing field of inquiry.

If, as Henry Nash Smith suggests in his brilliant opening essay, the American Stud-

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ies method consists in part of relating a traditional academic discipline to American culture, past and present, seen large, then the field is already much more than promises. For surely it is this method that has animated, during the last decade, such works as David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, David Potter's *People of Plenty*, Louis Hartz' *The Liberal Tradition in America*, Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land*, Daniel Boorstin's *The Americans*, R. W. B. Lewis' *The American Adam*, and John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*, to mention only a few. This is harvest, both early and rich.

ROBERT H. L. WHEELER

THE LITERATURE OF POSSIBILITY: A Study in Humanistic Existentialism. By Hazel Barnes. *University of Nebraska Press.* $5.75.

Although there is no lack of books on existentialism, works combining breadth and depth are still rare, and no previous study even aims to do such ample justice to both the philosophic and the literary creations of several of the major figures. Hazel Barnes has an excellent background for her undertaking. She has translated the only major work of philosophic existentialism that has yet appeared in English: Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*. And she is a professor of classics with a feeling for literature, at home with the myths taken up by some of the existentialists, and able to bring historical perspective to her work.

This study concentrates on Sartre, Camus and De Beauvoir, and it deals in detail with their philosophic analyses and literary representations of, for example, bad faith, *engagement* and existential psychoanalysis. Hazel Barnes is extremely thorough and perceptive in unraveling plot upon plot and relating it to the writer's philosophy. Those who want a real understanding of existentialism instead of the usual superficial generalizations are certain to gain it from this book which, no doubt, will lead them on to read some of the plays and novels discussed in it. This is a scholarly study and an excellent introduction to existentialism.

WALTER KAUFMANN

MAN AND THE SACRED. By Roger Caillois. Translated from the French by Meyer Barash. *Free Press.* $4.50.

This translation of Roger Caillois' book (written in 1939 but later supplemented by three long appendices) brings to American readers an example of the European humanist approach to social science. The author, who is known as a literary critic and as editor of *Diogenes*, draws on anthropology, on history, on literature and mythology in outlining what one might call the "ideal type" of the sacred.

Rather than analyze in psychological or economic terms, Caillois accepts the sacred as a primary experience and sets out to show the function of the metaphysical order in shaping society. Whether it be marriage in New Caledonia, ostracism in China, or a Roman Saturnalia, the ritual defines a common area of experience, removed from the everyday and dominated by violent emotion, but serving nonetheless to bind society together. Modern man, he argues, suffers from the lack of such communal experience as the festival and has turned instead to war as the alternative.

In defining the sacred, Caillois depends on anthropological studies for suggestion rather than proof; but his series of speculations is an impressive collection. The discussions of the function of taboo in forming a society's structure, the ambiguity of ritual (alternations of purification and defilement), and of the festival are rich developments of Durkheim's theories; yet the question remains as to whether sacred experience such as he describes is possible in a civilization in which ritual has lost its social function.

J. H. ATHERTON

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ARTIST. By Jacques Maritain. *Scribner's.* $2.95.

Building on the earlier *Art and Scholasticism*, this volume of lectures gives Maritain an opportunity to consider more directly the question of the moral responsibility of the artist to others and to himself. No one can be a better writer simply by being better in the ethical sense, and it must be admitted that many pious works

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are dull. Even so, the novelist and the poet cannot dodge the fact that their books may inspire others to think and to do evil. They, too, must look, as religious men, into the mirror of their souls and see the truth that is made manifest there. Maritain attempts to solve the problem with wisdom, which is almost that of a spiritual director.

Admittedly there are questions here that cannot be answered easily, because the total giving of himself to his work, which is demanded of the artist, cannot at the same time be a dedication to other purposes. Maritain's objective is to throw light on these questions with philosophic candor that is at the same time imbued with a genuine feeling for the nature of art. The book is, therefore, one of the most appealing of those in which his talks to American listeners have been made available to a larger audience. It is particularly rich in allusion to French thought and writing in this field.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE FUTURE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION. By Myron Lieberman. *University of Chicago Press.* $5.00.

Mr. Lieberman is director of basic research for the Educational Council of Greater Cleveland, and his book reflects his experience as an educational administrator as well as a former high school and college teacher. He does not betray himself with fruitless, bald assertions, which is the way of so many defenders of American education: as an administrator he has learned to be balanced, judicious, looking for both sides of an issue, or avoiding both. As a former teacher, he speaks feelingly about the lack of prestige and power of the teaching profession.

While the book often has the tone of a typical volume on education, heavily padded with rhetorical air bubbles, it makes some concrete and challenging recommendations. One of these is that high school teachers should be certified, much in the way that physicians and psychologists are "licensed" by professional boards to practice a specialty. In his chapter on "The Miseducation of Educators," he argues cogently for a controlled internship for new teachers. Unfortunately he evades what many think is a fundamental issue by concluding the chapter: "As for the current controversy over whether teacher education is putting too much emphasis on 'how to teach' at the expense of 'what to teach,' I can only say again that it is sad and pitiful thing [sic] to see this treated as a basic issue in teacher education."

Mr. Lieberman takes few simple, doctrinaire positions; he tries, as he says, to break through the "cliché barrier," except that his clichés are often not everyone's clichés. While he urges teachers to unite in the way physicians have done and to reject any but "professional" control of anything to do with education, he does not hesitate to find fault within the ranks of education itself. For anyone seeking a shaded picture of American education, this book should take its place alongside the monochromatic volumes of Bestor, Rickover, Keats and Lynd, most of whom Lieberman labels as "irrelevant" and relegates to a footnote. It is almost worth reading the book for this alone, to find an experienced, energetic, knowing educationist who considers "the great debate" worth only the dismissive shrug of small type.

MORRIS FREEDMAN

MIRAGE OF HEALTH: Utopias, Progress, and Biological Change. By René Dubos. *Harper.* $4.00.

As a book frequently reflects the character and the philosophy of its author, the reader of *Mirage of Health* should know something about René Jules Dubos, member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

He was born in France, and when he finished the Institut National Agronomique he came to Rutgers University. There he worked with Dr. Selman Waksman and got his Ph.D. in 1927. His interest in soil bacteriology was aroused early in his career, and those familiar with the Rockefeller Institute thirty years ago will remember the saying, "Wonder what René will dig next out of that Jersey bog." In the middle thirties Dr. Dubos came up with the Bacil-

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lus brevis, which produced one of the first antibiotics, tyrothricin. Recently his interest has been focused on a study of tuberculosis, a disease that over the years has had a great impact on the philosophical and social attitudes of people. Evidence of this can be noted in his book.

In his discussion of health, the author explores the origin of that eternal yearning of mankind for a return to the Golden Age, a time when strife, disease and tensions did not exist and man lived on in a state of spiritual, ecological, biological, philosophical and political harmony. That this yearning still exists has been well evidenced recently by the over-all drive of many nations to bring relief from world tensions by a "conference at the summit."

Dr. Dubos proceeds to discuss whether man is progressing toward Utopia. He trenchantly points out that while man believes that ultimate health goals may be reached by his efforts toward clean living and the employment of modern technology, the fact is that we are spending enormous sums in an attempt to buy health without succeeding at all in our aims.

In his discussion of "Utopias and Human Goals," Dr. Dubos points out that Utopias imply a static situation and that "Man cannot hope to find another Paradise on earth, because Paradise is a static concept while human life is a dynamic process. Man can escape danger only by renouncing adventure, by abandoning that which has given to the human condition its unique character and genius among the rest of living things."

PERRIN H. LONG, M.D.

THE PAPERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Volume I, January 6, 1706 through December 31, 1734. Edited by Leonard W. Labaree, Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., Helen C. Boatfield and Helene H. Fineman. *Yale University Press.* $7.50.

This handsome and attractively priced volume is the first in a series dedicated to the comprehensive publication of the papers of Benjamin Franklin. Sponsored jointly by Yale University and the American Philosophical Society, the series may reach a total of forty volumes before it is completed. Among the several projects that have been undertaken in recent years for publication of the "complete" papers of leading American statesmen, no other has more general interest.

In format and production the book is a worthy memorial to the best printer in colonial America. The arrangement of text and editorial comment invites the eye, and the eight illustrations, some of them done in color, add attraction to the volume. Special mention belongs to the reproduction in photographic facsimile of the entire "first impression" of *Poor Richard's Almanack* for 1733—this from the unique copy belonging to the Rosenbach Foundation. Scholars will welcome the index as an aid over the years that must elapse before a full index to the series can be provided, and they will find the editorial notes at all points helpful.

The contents, which are arranged chronologically, include no major discoveries, but the cumulative addition to the body of Franklin's earliest writings that now may be easily consulted by all scholars is impressive. Comparison with A. H. Smyth's *Writings of Benjamin Franklin*, the standard collection for the past half century, confirms the publisher's estimate that this volume carries more than three times as much material for the period covered. From this period there are only a few personal letters. What has survived is mainly what Franklin put in print, and much of that has never before been reprinted.

WESLEY FRANK CRAVEN

MAO TSE-TUNG AND I WERE BEGGARS. By Siao-yu. With a Foreword by Lin Yu-tang. *Syracuse University Press.* $6.00.

Writing from memory, the author is able to give an amazingly detailed and accurate account of the youth that he spent with Mao Tse-tung. As Robert C. North states in his Historical Commentary and Notes at the end of the book, Mr. Siao's account of Mao's early life is corroborated by Mao's own story given to Edgar Snow, Emi Siao's (the author's brother now in China) work on Mao, and Mao's Autobiography.

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Translated partly from French and partly from Chinese by the author's wife, the book preserves the original flavor of a Chinese diary, which is long on the description of personalities, intellectual process and verbal arguments, but short on, even oblivious of, time, climates and chronology.

On the whole, the book is more of an account of the author's early life than it is of Mao's, for the author's thought is the dominating theme throughout the record and he is the principal actor of all the episodes. Mr. Siao succeeds in explaining eloquently why, in the tumultuous days of the Chinese student movements during and after World War I, he rejected communism, but he fails to furnish a convincing reason as to why Mao accepted it. What is of significance is, however, the revelation that Mao, as a student leader who was primarily interested in organization, political power and practical solutions for China's problems, decided after the Bolshevik Revolution that China should follow the footsteps of the Russians without even knowing exactly what Marxism was.

I-Kua Chou

ALGERIA IN TURMOIL: A History of the Rebellion. By Michael K. Clark. *Praeger. $6.00.*

Michael Clark was the New York *Times* correspondent in Algeria during the first four years of the rebellion that he describes in this fascinating book. Drawing upon public and some unpublished material, as well as his own observations, he has brought together the first detailed account of the 1954-58 period of the war in Algeria. He shows how successive French governments floundered in their belated endeavors to deal with an outbreak of terror that rapidly infected the entire country, persisted, and became entrenched once the neighboring countries provided material as well as political support for the rebel movement.

Mr. Clark is convinced that the great majority of Moslems are willing to live in a French Algeria; that the French authorities in Paris, from the beginning of the rebellion to the present, have failed to realize that there is no room for compromise with the rebels; that a truce will only lead to capitulation; and that unless the rebellion is stamped out by force the days of French rule in Algeria are numbered. More important than his own conclusions, however, is the vivid and instructive account he has assembled to introduce the American reader to this important and remarkable subject.

E. J. Beigel

FRANCE, TROUBLED ALLY: De Gaulle's Heritage and Prospects. By Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. *Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper. $5.75.*

Mr. Furniss performs a valuable service in providing a careful study of the foreign policy of the Fifth Republic as it has developed from that of the Fourth, and in emphasizing the often overlooked continuation by General de Gaulle of the major policy lines he inherited—notably, the policy of close association with Germany, a desire for a greater role in world councils and NATO in particular, a desire for an independent French nuclear capability, and an evolutionary policy toward Africa. The difference, as Mr. Furniss points out, is that General de Gaulle is able to move closer to the achievement of these aims than were the governments of the Fourth Republic.

The book is divided into three major sections: a brief one covering the first postwar decade, and two longer ones on the last four years of the Fourth Republic and on the beginning of the Fifth. Each of these sections consists of a series of essays on individual issues, including domestic political developments, added to set the necessary framework for foreign policy. In so organizing his book, Mr. Furniss has avoided the pitfall of treating each topic in a vacuum. But this has unavoidably led to a certain amount of repetition—for example, Algeria crops up in almost every discussion—but the repetition is preferable to the distortions that would inevitably occur without it.

Mr. Furniss makes a great point of the *immobilisme* of the governments of the last four years of the Fourth Republic, and perhaps he has overdone this. Admittedly these governments left unsolved a number of fundamental problems; but nevertheless

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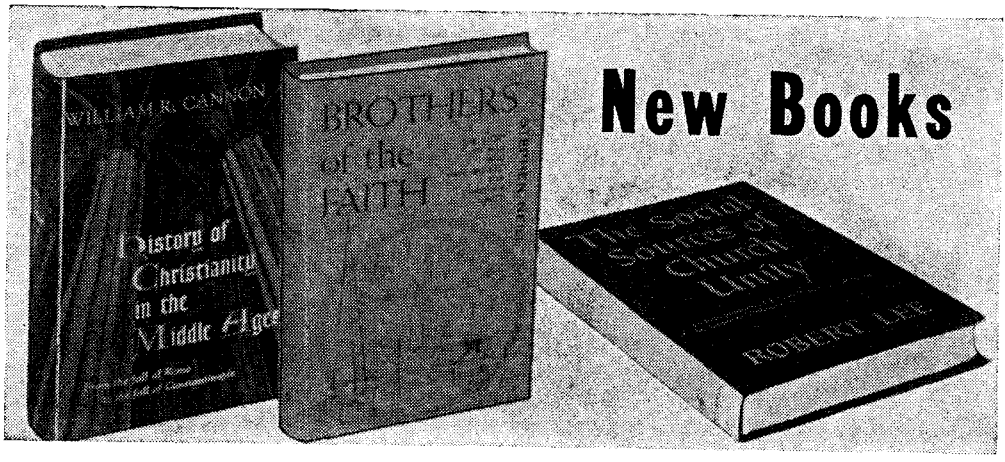

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they did initiate such major steps as the negotiation and ratification of the Common Market and Euratom, the *loi-cadre* for Africa, the policy of close association and friendship with Germany, the decision to begin manufacture of atomic weapons, old-age pensions and the three-week vacation.

PHILIP H. VALDES

WAR IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Theodore Ropp. *Duke University Press. $10.00.*

The modern historian has at last recognized the role of war in modern society, and many recent volumes attest to the fact that military history has moved out of its sterile "drum and trumpet" phase. What was long necessary, however, was a one-volume survey which, while not neglecting the purely military aspects of war, would synthesize the available literature in a form that would be meaningful to both the military historian and the social scientist.

Theodore Ropp's volume now fills that gap. It is principally a history of the political and social implications of warfare from the Renaissance to the present. But it is much more than that. It adequately summarizes the battles and campaigns that form the stuff of conventional military history; it analyzes the principal military theorists from Machiavelli to Clausewitz and Mahan; and it discusses the complex problem of military organization and the intricate relationships between military institutions and the governments they serve. Moreover, the analysis of American and European political, economic and social history is as sound as the discussion of the technical issues of strategy and tactics.

This is not to say that the book is entirely without fault. It is quite short—indeed, covers European military history from the Renaissance to the French Revolution in less than eighty pages—and thus skims too lightly over some important material (although Professor Ropp is to be congratulated for his ability to compress the American Civil War into nineteen pages, a skill that will undoubtedly provoke the wrath of the legion of buffs who mistakenly believe that this is the only war of consequence in human history). Some awkward transitions and blurred writing result from the compression of what must originally have been a much longer manuscript. But these are minor flaws in a remarkable volume which, in addition, contains one of the finest working bibliographies of military history that has ever been put into print.

RICHARD D. CHALLENER

AS OTHERS SEE US: The United States Through Foreign Eyes. Edited by Franz M. Joseph. *Princeton University Press. $6.00.*

This is a lively book—stimulating, vigorous, contradictory in its interpretations of America. Our intensive industrialization, our wealth, our mass culture, our relatively classless society are among features singled out by most of the score of foreign educators, writers and statesmen from as many different countries in these essays written in 1957 for the American European Foundation.

Some of the authors are well known here—Denis Brogan, Raymond Aron, for example—but others, less well known, offer fresh and equally provocative impressions as seen from areas other than Western Europe. The first visit to the United States by any of these authors was made in 1911, but the majority first knew this country after World War II. Three are women.

The essays range from the sophisticated sweep by Denis Brogan over thirty-five years of British opinion toward America, to the highly personal impressions of Marija Vilfan of Yugoslavia or K. A. B. Jones-Quartey of Ghana. Julian Marias (Spain) presents a sensitive poetic image of America; he is struck by the beauty, poetry and charm of everyday life here.

The editor writes that the newer countries see in America "a vision of their own future" which heartens them—as it dismays some of the more mature societies. Are we "the model modern progressive society—fluid, comparatively classless, technically enterprising, materially rewarding—that all the free world envies, copies, admires and fears"? Are we "hypnotized by [our] chief antagonist, the Soviet Union, and cannot discern the fundamental processes of the world"? Are we "too eager to be ap-

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proved"? Is America so "dynamic that she has become almost completely externalized"? These essays are one cure for what Mr. Joseph calls "probably the greatest single deterrent to understanding among nations—sheer indifference." Readers will disagree, but they will not be indifferent.

Elizabeth Todd contributes a brief and useful appendix on the values and shortcomings of national-image research.

HOWLAND H. SARGEANT

PRODIGAL PURITAN: A Life of Delia Bacon. By Vivian C. Hopkins. *Harvard University Press. $6.75.*

This admirably clear, fully documented, and objective biography gives a sympathetic portrait of the lady whose mental vigor and nervous intensity made her a successful lecturer and the first elaborate proponent of the theory that Shakespeare did not write his plays. It deserves reading on its own account, but even more because she anticipated both the emotional commitments and the methods of "proof" which we find in the writings of the galaxy of later non-Shakespeareans.

In a flash of inspiration she realized that the plays were not written by a butcher's son, stigmatized by "his elementary education and his carelessness with the manuscripts," but by a "coterie of wits, with Francis Bacon the leading mind." She told Emerson "there is no possibility of a doubt as to the main parts of my theory," and to Hawthorne she spoke of "the indestructible value of the discovery."

Her book contains "demonstrations from internal evidence." She mentions ciphers, although hers, she says, are in words, not letters; the plays "are enigmas through which the Baconian theories may be read by the initiate."

She went to England to secure "facts," "historical evidence," but ignored Carlyle's advice to search the British Museum for "any document tending to confirm your Shakspere theory." Instead, her thoughts turned to excavations for manuscripts. She visited Bacon's tomb but left it undisturbed. She spent part of a night in Holy Trinity Church in Stratford, armed with a trowel, but again did nothing: "*She knew* that the proof she sought lay in *some* grave; maybe in Bacon's, as she had first supposed, or in Spenser's. . . ."

It is to her credit that she did not seek for concealed personal biography or secret history in the plays. She treats them as works of art enriched by historical philosophy.

WILLIAM T. HASTINGS

THE FUGITIVE GROUP: A Literary History. By Louise Cowan. *Louisiana State University Press. $5.00.*

This is a valuable book because it shows how some of the best American poetry and criticism of our time (that of Ransom, Tate and Warren) grew out of friendship and discussion, and how the movement of mind of a few men in and around Vanderbilt University could keep pace with and to an extent guide the development of the Anglo-American literary movement. Using the Fugitives' still unpublished correspondence, Louise Cowan tells how the seven or eight friends, who from 1914 to 1917 met mainly to talk philosophy, found their individual ways to poetry, and how after the war they reassembled with new members to read and criticize each other's poems and to publish these poems in *The Fugitive*—a little magazine which ran from 1922 to 1925 with much literary and no financial success.

The Fugitives did not start with a modernist or regionalist program. Modernism was an issue among them; and the controversy between the radical modernist, Tate, and Ransom who was, as Tate said, "modern without knowing it," is one of the most interesting things in the book. The Fugitives were against "local color" regionalism. They would be Southern enough, they felt, if they wrote good poetry, which Ransom defined as "that which fits our own passionate history." They thought of themselves as disengaged from Southern society until the Scopes evolution trial of 1926, with the attacks it called down upon the South from Northern liberals, made them realize the political implications of their poetic practice and critical theory. They had been against the Old South as

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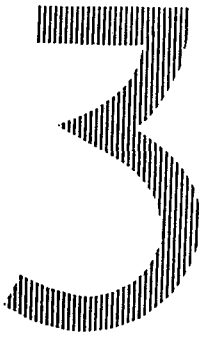

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a false sentiment, but they were now for it as a valid tradition, the cultural embodiment of their aesthetic values. Thus, the principal Fugitives, after their movement expired, joined the political and cultural Agrarian movement.

There is an index to contents of all issues of *The Fugitive.*

ROBERT LANGBAUM

LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Leslie A. Fiedler. *Criterion. $8.50.*

Leslie Fiedler is working with enormous energy a much-exploited vein of interpretation of American literature: the Freudian, or, to let Jung and others get a toe in, the psychoanalytic. In a book too long for its content, yet interesting and provocative, he chooses the themes of love and death to illustrate our divergence, in literature and life, from European traditions, and to examine the motivations of both American writing and American living. It is a tendentious book and one which would require much space to describe, let alone debate.

Students of our fiction will want to read it for scattered insights and such things as his ingenious tracing of a thread and a theme from *Clarissa* to *Marjorie Morningstar.* The trouble is, the Freudian aspect of a book is a partial truth—no less true for being partial—no less partial for being true. He so overworks this method as to lose sight of the fact that there is considerable truth also in the face value of what happens in a story and what an author says. The result is sometimes brilliantly exaggerated distortion of a whole work in pursuit of a conjectural peripheral aspect. He should remember a cautionary saying among psychiatrists: "A cigar is a good smoke."

EDMUND FULLER

39 POEMS. By John Ciardi. *Rutgers University Press. $3.00.*

In a disarming statement on the jacket of his poems Mr. Ciardi says, "I hope you will find a voice in them and that the voice will be worth letting into your head. . . . If not . . . try someone else's book." However, as this diffidence is offset by commendatory jacket blurbs, it seems that Mr. Ciardi is willing to be reviewed, and I can therefore say that I find his poems exasperating. He knows the techniques of verse, he strikes the attitudes of poetry, and yet he never seems to write a real poem. It is almost as though he does not think it worth the time.

If this seems a harsh judgment, let me add that I would not quarrel with Mr. Ciardi if I did not think that real powers are being wasted. What is his "voice," exactly? If there is such a thing as a professional liberalism of the emotions—always well-informed and well-intentioned, always self-congratulatory, never in any way against the grain of the age—it is found in these lines:

> At the next vacancy for God, if I am elected,
> I shall forgive last the delicately wounded
> who, having been slugged no harder than anyone else,
> never got up again, neither to fight back,
> nor to finger their jaws in painful admiration.

It is a kind of journalism in verse, and Mr. Ciardi's softness of self-examination is matched by his softness of language; he throws out words that have a current poetic value, without seeing to it that they make sense:

> O angels and attendants past the world,
> what shall the sleeps of heaven dream but time?

This is the conclusion of a poem, and it means nothing. Mr. Ciardi piles on epithets instead of compelling the poem to make the thing it is talking about. Even where his lines are filled with tangible matter, a padded meter or stanza lets it dissipate:

> A ceremonial rose in the lapel
> a horseshoe wreath of pearls in the tie-knot,
> a stone-starched collar bolted at the throat,
> a tooth on a gold chain across the vest—
> this is the man, costumed for solemn taking.

There has been recently some lamentation by older poets over the "formalism" and "academicism" of new verse. What is wanted, it seems, is a more directly emotional and personal kind of poetry. The poems of Mr. Ciardi are, many of them, both personal and emotional, in a way; but

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they show also that poetry requires a serious and total effort. Although Mr. Ciardi deals with history and love, and other essential experience, there seems no inevitable connection between himself and his subjects; it is, precisely, a voice that is lacking.

LOUIS SIMPSON

BULLET-HUNTING AND OTHER NEW POEMS. By Melville Cane. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.*

Two boys, berry-picking in the nineties in Virginia, suddenly saw something shining in the ground, and it was rounded, "like a pea/Or maybe a little huckleberry." "Well, sir," as the narrator says, it turned out to be a bullet, and there were thousands of them there, for this was Battle of the Crater earth, thick with Yankee ammunition. Around it Mr. Cane has written the narrative that gives the book its title, memorable aftermath to that Late Unpleasantness. For the boys went into business, "Another kind of berry-picking/With another kind of fruit." Mr. Cane, known for brevity rather than the on-going tale, has here swung into another field, also picking, and with notable success, another kind of fruit.

The volume is a "gathering of poems" since publication of *And Pastures New* in 1956. There are twenty-four short poems besides the narrative, and among them such lovely lyrics as "Distance" and "Enchanted Snow." Nor will the reader who particularly cherishes Mr. Cane's light verse, so often concerned with forms of life other than human, be disappointed. The bat we seldom see comes into view when at first dark he "Diffidently takes over/And tests a quirky flight." As for the cougar and the tiger, ". . . don't be too eager/To woo them with sugar,/When feeding them sugar/Be wary, be meager." Here too are those deceptively simple statements that linger on in the mind as of some prime significance: "The cobra/Is more vicious than the zebra,/Especially under Libra,/And all through Octobra."

Mr. Cane, in other words, has enlarged his scope, but not lessened that peculiarly individual quality which, light or serious, is strangely all of a piece, and entirely his own.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

PAINTING IN ITALY: From the Origins to the Thirteenth Century. Critical Studies by Amedeo Maiuri and Lionello Venturi. Historical Surveys by Bianca Maiuri and Eugenio Battisti. *Skira. $20.00.*

The name of Skira has become synonymous with color reproductions of the highest quality and the most dazzling opulence. Accordingly, the present volume contains one hundred color plates of works of art in Italy from the sixth century B.C. to the thirteenth century A.D.

The book is in two sections, the first devoted to ancient Etruscan and Roman painting, the second to the pictorial arts of medieval Italy from early in the fourth century. In each section a short general study introduces a series of notes on selected monuments of the period, arranged chronologically with accompanying plates.

From the reader's viewpoint the purpose of the volume is obscure. It is not designed for the scholar, although the scholarly trappings are there, nor for the interested layman. The annotations never coalesce into a genuine survey, and they leave the reader with little more than an extravagant Baedeker. All the plates have been published previously in the Skira series, "The Great Centuries of Painting," and the notes on Roman painting are an obvious abridgment of Amedeo Maiuri's own book in that series.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that this book is an elegant potboiler and that it would most likely be found among the folios between great jars of china in the library of Sir Roger de Coverley's lady of fashion were she alive today.

JOHN PANCOAST

THE MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE: *Le Corbusier,* by Françoise Choay; *Frank Lloyd Wright,* by Vincent Scully; *Pier Luigi Nervi,* by Ada Louise Huxtable; *Antonio Gaudi,* by George R. Collins; *Ludwig Mies van der Rohe,* by Arthur Drexler; *Alvar Aalto,* by Frederick Gutheim. *Braziller. $3.95 per volume.*

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companion to "The Great American Artist Series" [AS: Spring, 1960], are an excellent introduction to twentieth-century architecture. Although planned for the general reader, the series also will be of interest to the professional.

Each book includes approximately thirty pages of text and eighty reproductions of photographs, plans and drawings. In addition, the books contain chronologies of the architects' lives and works and selected bibliographies.

The approaches of the authors vary widely, from the straightforward and somewhat superficial description of Aalto's career by Frederick Gutheim to the scholarly and well-organized analysis of the little-known Spanish master, Antonio Gaudí, by George Collins. This is the first full-length study of Gaudí in English. Mme. Choay and Mr. Drexler have each done admirable jobs in their respective works on Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe, for each has managed to present, in the brief space available, a lucid explication of the design philosophies of these two giants, in addition to the historical facts of their careers. Miss Huxtable has preferred to let Nervi speak for himself, using direct quotations wherever possible, without attempting a critical evaluation. Vincent Scully has carefully examined the influences that shaped the works of Frank Lloyd Wright and has avoided the easy generalities and clichés that characterize so many studies of this late American genius.

Although the books have a few minor flaws, and one could wish for a greater use of color (only one volume has color plates), their low cost compels one to overlook these criticisms. Taken as a whole, the volumes are a handsome introduction to twentieth-century architecture, both verbally and pictorially.

It is hoped that the generally high standards set by the first six books will be maintained in the forthcoming volumes of this series.

JAMES ROBERT KERR

AGEE ON FILM. Two volumes. *McDowell, Obolensky.* Volume One, *$6.00;* Volume Two, *$7.50.*

It is perhaps significant of the evanescent nature of motion pictures that only a tiny fraction of what is written for or about them, in a critical vein, is ever put between the hard covers of books. Screen writing and criticism are generally thought of as being only "for the day."

Thus it is a genuine tribute to the perceptiveness and writing skill of James Agee that a generous and rich collection of the motion picture reviews he wrote for *Time* and the *Nation,* between 1942 and 1948, and the five screenplays he fashioned in the subsequent seven years of his life have been published in these two volumes. They constitute a valuable store of articulate response to the pictures and good examples of screen-writing craft in those years.

Agee's distinction as a critic was his exceptional sensitivity to the intimate nature of cinema expression and his ability to put his feelings into vivid, terse and witty words. He wrote of the films and the performers he liked (and he particularly liked the comedians) with the fervor of a poet or a novelist (both of which he was) re-creating experience. He had little disposition to social evaluation or technical analysis. His bent was personal, impressionistic. His reviews were and still are a pleasure to read.

His screenplays, contained in the second volume—three that were produced (*The African Queen, The Night of the Hunter* and *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky)* and two that were not (*Noa Noa* and *The Blue Hotel*)—make agreeable reading primarily because of Agee's uncommon imagination and his ability to "visualize" with words.

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(*Continued from Page 407*)

member of the Council is in violation of any obscenity law.

This Committee is specifically concerned —I should suppose officially solely concerned—with the dissemination of obscenity through the mails. Although again it is altogether possible that there may have been unpublicized actions never called to our attention, I am aware in recent years of only two findings of non-mailability by the Post Office Department against a member of the American Book Publishers Council—one was immediately set aside by a federal court and the other was later reversed by the Post Office Department itself. It would be difficult in any other industry, I believe, to find as successful an example of true self-policing.

But the term "self-policing" has another and quite different meaning, under which one's activities are not in fact policed by oneself, but by a committee of one's professional colleagues or competitors. It is this meaning that I assume the Committee has in mind. It seems to us an altogether different, indeed an almost opposite, meaning. To this form of industry-policing the Council and its members are completely and unalterably opposed. This opposition is not hasty or intemperate or based on any fear of accepting responsibility. It is based rather on a sober and careful consideration of a number of factors that I should like to lay before the Committee and that I hope the Committee will also want to consider carefully.

In the first place, no industry code or code authority will reach the problem of obscenity in the mails with which the Committee is primarily concerned. This material is, almost in its entirety, produced by persons or firms whose whole business is the production of pornography or calculated salacity. No industry code is necessary to define the illegality of their acts, and if they are not deterred by the fear of fine and imprisonment, they are not going to be affected by the standards of an industry to which they do not belong and toward whose good opinion they are indifferent. The way to reach these people is through the law. We heartily favor its relentless enforcement against the pornographer.

On the other hand there is not any possibility of establishing among the sorts of book publishers who make up the Council any machinery for the collective exercise of editorial taste and judgment. No responsible publisher is going to be willing to undertake to be a keeper of the consciences of his fellow publishers, nor is he going to submit his own editorial judgment and integrity to another's review. And even if one were able to conceive of a situation in which responsible publishers, sitting in committee, were willing to undertake to tell each other what they could or could not publish, there would exist no means of enforcing their decisions. In the absence of such sanctions an industry code becomes merely an expression of good intentions. The effective enforcement of a rigid film code, for example, was primarily dependent on the former ownership of major theater chains by producers, with the consequence that nonconforming films could be barred from outlets essential to their financial success. No such instrument of enforcement is available to or would be accepted by the book industry.

And finally, even were all these difficulties overcome, no code can legislate editorial decency and integrity. A code could say —doubtless with special exceptions for Chaucer, Shakespeare, the Bible—that euphemisms must be substituted for the vulgarisms of everyday speech in referring to sex or anatomy; it could say that sexual episodes must be hinted at rather than described; it could recall the asterisk to use in the printing of profanity; it could contain generalized admonitions of virtue. But it could not define in words the integrity of intent whose presence or absence may make of one treatment of a sexual theme an ennobling comment on the nature of man, and of another treatment of the identical theme a piece of meretricious trash. No specific injunctions of a code can stifle the expression of prurient meaning. They can only divert it to the smirk of hypocrisy.

Let me suggest some of the concrete questions that a code and its enforcing authority

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would have to face and about which it could be manifestly impossible to establish objective and generally applicable standards. How would such a code or committee define the aesthetic validity of books reproducing the nude in painting, sculpture or photography? How could it assess the scholarly worth of medical and scientific studies of sex, debating a Kinsey report or a Havelock Ellis work or their future equivalents? Or how determine the responsibility or validity of works questioning or even challenging our sexual customs and mores? Or the integrity of sex and marriage guidance manuals for youth and for married couples? In an investigation not long ago, another committee of the Congress heard a vigorous attack by a high spokesman of a major faith on a book on sexual problems for teen-agers prepared by another major religious organization and widely used in church schools, an attack in which the book was characterized as representative of those most contributing to juvenile delinquency. How would a code or code authority deal with such a complaint? In our pluralistic society, how could any board representing the publishing industry not find itself compelled to take positions on such questions that reflected one or another particular set of ethical or religious outlooks and hence put one or another particular outlook in a position to govern the writing available to all Americans?

These then are some of the practical problems that we see: the inability of an industry code to reach the deliberate offender; the obvious and entirely proper unwillingness of responsible publishers to be ruled by other publishers' opinions; the absence of means for enforcement; and the impossibility of a meaningful definition of standards. They are, we believe, conclusive of the impracticability of industry self-policing in the second sense. But there are far more important reasons than these—even if it were possible to conceive of these difficulties being overcome—why we believe an industry code or policing authority among book publishers would be a

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grave, indeed an intolerable, mistake.

Some of these relate to the essential nature of codes. An industry code cannot require that life be reflected with truth and integrity and meaning. But it can—and most codes do—*prevent* such a truthful and candid and meaningful reflection. Let us take the Motion Picture Production Code, for example. It is addressed to the problems of an industry that regards its products primarily as entertainment, and it is intended primarily to assure that these products offend as few people as possible. For this purpose it creates a fairyland of the screen in which no law of a civilized land is ridiculous and the violation of no law is ever to be viewed with sympathy, suicide never has justification, no one says he believes euthanasia permissible, children are never killed by kidnappers, sex acts outside marriage rarely happen and are never viewed with compassion or sympathy, passion is remote, sex is never funny, abortions don't happen, brothels don't exist, there are no homosexuals, no one uses vulgar language or curses or blasphemes, only natives of foreign lands are unclothed, and no minister of religion is ever comic or villainous. Other provisions of the code—and the caution of producers—assure that national, racial, religious or occupational groups will not be ridiculed or offended.

I am not commenting on the appropriateness of such standards for products intended only for entertainment, and certainly films produced under them are often delightful and exciting entertainment of a wonderful sort. But they have largely denied to films the role of social criticism filled by the serious novel or by the theater of a Shaw or an Ibsen or an O'Neill, and they have often made difficult a searching look into the realities of human life. I do not mean to suggest that these particular provisions would necessarily appear in a code for books. I do mean that any "code" that forecloses discussion of specified themes or situations, or predetermines the attitudes to be taken toward them, or defines in advance the language that may be used in describing them, or otherwise prescribes for an author what parts of life he may deal with and in what ways he may deal with them—although it will not outwit the evil-minded—will by that much limit the freedom of the writer of integrity. And any code that would seek to reduce books to inoffensiveness would stifle one of the greatest of their values. I hope, and I believe all thoughtful people will join in hoping, that the day will never come in this country when books are not free to challenge and attack, to shock and offend, to call established institutions and traditional thinking into question, to confront complacency with impudence, and to test truth with the weapons of ridicule and satire.

The other fundamental question relates to the authority of any industry committee and goes to the heart of the question of industry-policing as opposed to true self-policing. The whole theory of policing by an industry committee is apparently based on the assumption that it is only the freedom of members of the industry—in this case of publishers—that is curtailed by such regulations and that hence there can be no danger in limitations imposed by the industry itself. But in the case of books, the interest of the publisher is only one, and perhaps the least, of those at stake. It is not the publisher, but the *author* whose ideas may be suppressed or whose freedom of expression may be limited. It is not the publisher, but the *citizen* whose freedom to read is curtailed. An industry code and policing authority in the book world would not be just a committee of publishers "policing" their fellow publishers, but rather a committee of publishers "policing" all authors and all readers.

True self-policing by individual publishers does not threaten the freedom either of the author or of the public. An individual publisher says to an author only "I do not choose to publish your book," not "You are denied the right to publish it." An industry committee, however, capable of defining the limits of the permissible for all publishers, would have a far more dangerous power over both author and reader. If such a committee were ineffective, it would of course be only ridiculous. But suppose for a moment that there *were* such a code

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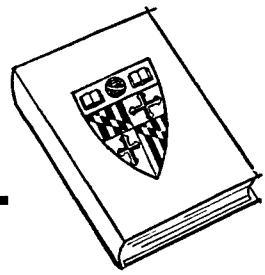
Hopkins  Books

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and such a committee and they *were* completely effective.

It doubtless would mean that we had a pure although sterile literature. But it would also mean that the committee could say to every author, "It is useless for you to write anything of which we disapprove, for we will not publish it or permit anyone else to do so." It could say to any reader, "You may not read anything of which we disapprove, for we will not publish it or permit anyone else to do so." It would mean, in other words, that the freedom to write and the freedom to read—freedoms which the Constitution forbids even the Congress of the United States itself to abridge—would be committed into the hands of a private committee in whose selection the people would have no voice and from whose judgments they would have no appeal. No form of censorship, not even the government censorship we all abhor, would be so dangerous to the public's freedom as this.

We do not have to speculate about the literary consequences of any code, public or private, consistently and effectively enforced. The five countries that today probably most consistently and thoroughly, through government and industry means, apply a control over the content of publications in the area of sex are Communist China, Ireland, Russia, South Africa and Spain. It is no accidental coincidence that all of these also practice an extensive political censorship of varying degree; but here I am speaking only of moral censorship and its consequences. Although such a control by no means prevents writings of moral vacuity and disorientation, it is quite successful in eliminating salacious and obscene writing and the overdramatization of sex. It has also, in the process, substantially eliminated from those countries the main body of contemporary world literature. Almost no Western novelists are published in China; few in Russia. Among world renowned authors many of whose writings have been banned from Ireland are Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Aldous Huxley, William Faulkner, Lillian Smith, Erich

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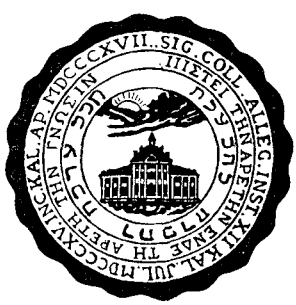

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Remarque, John Steinbeck and James T. Farrell. From South Africa are barred the writings of such authors as Tennessee Williams, Nicholas Monsarrat, Phyllis Bottome and James T. Farrell. A Spaniard may not read in his own language any of the works of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Henri Bergson, Albert Camus, Anatole France, André Gide, Victor Hugo, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, Alberto Moravio, Giovanni Papini, Vasco Pratolini, Erich Remarque, Jean-Paul Sartre, Stendhal and many others.

The consequences are seen not only in this blocking of the international flow of contemporary world literature but also in the drying up of creative writing within those countries. All, with the partial exception of South Africa, are countries of the richest creative traditions; but their literature lives today primarily in the sort of rebellion against the controlling morality expressed by an O'Casey, a Pasternak or a Paton.

I do not mean to suggest that any such outcome is what this Committee desires. Indeed I am sure that no member of the Committee wants any such stifling power to be in public and even less in private hands. But I suggest that if that is not the end we want, neither do we want to begin, even by little steps, to move toward it.

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without, books will continue to be published to which many will object. Nearly 150,000 different books will be published in this country in the 1960's. Some of them will be cheap and tawdry. Many of them will be tasteless and sensational. Some of them will be luridly covered. This is part of the price of freedom, just as sensational crime and sex headlines and photographs in some newspapers are part of the price of an unregulated newspaper press. All freedom is the freedom to act unwisely as well as to act wisely, and hence all freedom bears a price.

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Because it relates especially to this question of the inescapable cost and the priceless value of freedom, I should like to close with the final paragraph of that Declaration. After having stated seven basic propositions affirming the responsibility of publishers and librarians in serving the freedom of the American people to read—most of which propositions are specifically relevant to this Committee's concern in its larger context—the Declaration concludes as follows:

We state these propositions neither lightly nor as easy generalizations. We here stake out a lofty claim for the value of books. We do so because we believe that they are good, possessed of enormous variety and usefulness, worthy of cherishing and keeping free. We realize that the application of these propositions may mean the dissemination of ideas and manners of expression that are repugnant to many persons. We do not state these propositions in the comfortable belief that what people read is unimportant. We believe rather that what people read is deeply important; that ideas can be dangerous; but that the suppression of ideas is fatal to a democratic society. Freedom itself is a dangerous way of life, but it is ours.

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—EDITOR

I am accustomed to Ernest van den Haag's inability to understand what I say, but I cannot permit him to base a whole series of assertions on a total falsification of what he heard me say, as he does in his "Reflections on Mass Culture" [AS: Spring, 1960].

In commenting on Randall Jarrell's witty remarks about the ideally good society in which Marcel Proust would have earned a million dollars, and the ideally bad one in which Marcel Proust would write a biography of Elvis Presley for the *Saturday Evening Post,* I said, in effect:

That I myself make no equation between genius or creativeness and money—and I referred back to the old *Dial*'s system of paying the same rate to everyone, beginners or great names, because we could establish no ratio and merely paid as much as we could afford.

But that if I am compelled to make some sort of relationship between genius and money, it would seem to me that it was more proper for Chaplin to have made millions than for Proust, not for the *kind* of pleasure he had given, but for the quantity of those who had enjoyed it.

I did not compare the quality or nature of the pleasure or happiness he gave to the satisfactions given by Proust. Nothing I said in any way justifies Dr. van den Haag's statement that my view "would sanction the elimination of art in favor of entertainment."

My remarks were made in the presence of some twenty people, so I have witnesses. Dr. van den Haag's remarks are not merely a misrepresentation, they are a falsification.

He and I disagree on a variety of matters and I am happy that this is so. But I trust we do not disagree on the basic principles of intelligent discussion—and one of these is telling the truth. This principle Dr. van den Haag has not observed.

GILBERT SELDES
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

* * *

The proceedings of the *Daedalus*-Tamiment Conference referred to in my "Reflections on Mass Culture" were recorded by a stenotypist. I have searched the transcript and found nothing that could be stretched to resemble the crucial qualification Mr. Seldes quotes himself as having made in the second paragraph of his alleged self-paraphrase. There is only one Chaplin-Proust comparison by Mr. Seldes in the transcript. It follows *in toto*:

"I should rather have Charlie Chaplin than Marcel Proust. I think Charlie Chaplin had much more to give us. [murmurs of disagreement] I am not making professorial jokes. I tell you Mr. Chaplin has contributed more to the happiness of the world than a neurotic, terribly concerned with himself, with a report of a society which I hope to God will pass." (Mr. Seldes introduced his remarks as follows: "Mr. Jarrell is full of melancholy over the fate of the poor artist . . . who is doomed because he cannot create as he would . . . had the mass media not existed. Well, this is a tragic figure and I couldn't care less what happens to him.")

Mr. Seldes clearly meant what I understood him to mean: that Chaplin is preferable to Proust because he brought more happiness. I remain convinced that his view rests on a confusion of art and entertainment, which measures the value of the former by its contribution to the latter.

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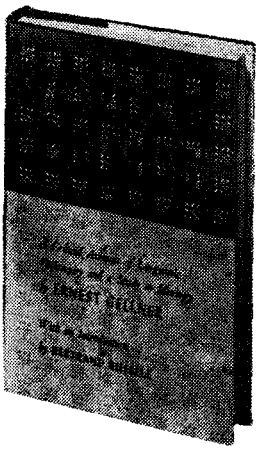

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However, I am pleased to learn that Mr. Seldes no longer holds this view. Since he would not now say what he did say then, he might well believe that he never did. It takes more modesty than many of us can afford to remember and regret errors instead of forgetting and denying them.

Since Mr. Seldes might have deceived himself without knowingly, that is, with malice aforethought, attempting to deceive your readers, I do not wish to return his charge of "falsification." However, Mr. Seldes hurled his baseless charge of "total falsification" against me without checking the record which he knew to exist. I find this neglect easy to understand but hard to excuse. If Mr. Seldes is himself innocent of "total falsification"—and I prefer to believe that he is—he cannot be innocent of total irresponsibility.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG
New York, New York

* * *

If I could have understood the Spring issue I should have had to seek the solace of self-destruction. Fortunately, the communication of the social scientist has become as esoteric as that of the poet.

What is more conformist than the doctrinaire assertions of the intelligentsia that the masses all are subject to Madison-Avenue-led conformity? If there is more vulgar entertainment than ever before, there are more people with time to be entertained. Sophisticated tastes frequently result from satiety with the crass.

MRS. RANGER ROGERS
Littleton, Colorado

* * *

My article "Narcissus in Chaos" [AS: Autumn, 1959], which makes a plea for painters to use "the liberated language of their individuality to make constructive assertions," should not be interpreted as endorsing "censorship of the artist." Much of my criticism, as stated in the first few pages of the article, is directed against art critics, teachers and museums rather than against the painter; but it is as an abstract painter that I wish to reply to Alfred Werner's letter in the Winter issue.

"Narcissus in Chaos" was not printed to "debunk" contemporary art. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is a quarterly for the independent thinker, and in support of such independence properly presents new points of view. Contrary to Mr. Werner's evaluation of the abstract expressionist movement, our national magazines have for many years given great publicity to abstract expressionist action painters; past and recent issues of such periodicals as *Vogue*, *Holiday*, *Life*, *Time*, et cetera, are examples. And, living in New York City as Mr. Werner does, he ought to know that at least for the past decade these painters have captured the interest and dominated the thought of the art world. They cannot be called a "small segment" under any circumstances; and, if he looked clearly into American art schools and American exhibitions in and out of the United States, Mr. Werner would see the pathetically repetitious reproductions of this successful movement. It is because of this overwhelming success that I feel the movement must be closely scrutinized.

Mr. Werner asks: "Hasn't it always been the privilege of a creative person to invent for his heart's delight?" The answer is "No!" This privilege was struggled for by artists who in the past were stifled by academicism. It must be nourished, not taken for granted, lest it be lost. In the United States we are not suffering from a lack of spiritual and emotional freedom, but rather from the mistaken belief that freedom means no discipline at all. The example of what has happened to children in our schools after decades of laissez-faire philosophy and of catering to individual disorder is typical of the type of thinking that cries, as does Mr. Werner, "fascist," "communist," when self-discipline is mentioned.

The third paragraph of Mr. Werner's letter unpardonably quotes out of context to give the impression that I asked for a curtailment of aesthetic freedom "by critics, dealers, patrons or the state." Nor did I "blame" Duchamp, one of my favorite

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painters, for playing chess; but rather I pointed out that Dada and negation lead to eventual inaction as a logical result. The terrible impasse that Pollock was attempting to fight through when he died is another such aesthetic tragedy.

For myself, I am too devoted to freedom, independence and individuality to want it to end in nihilism. The artist, like every other human being, cannot reduce his human obligation to "paying taxes," as Mr. Werner suggests. If the obligation to love—to love the artistic medium, to love sights and ideas, and to love the human being—departs, then art too will be gone.

CLEVE GRAY
Cornwall Bridge, Connecticut

* * *

Cleve Gray's "Narcissus in Chaos" is one of the sanest articles I have ever read. In contrast, Alfred Werner's attack upon it is unbalanced and Bohemian, dismissing reality as "prosaic," order as a "narrow coffin," and declaring that to pay taxes is the artist's only obligation to humanity—his only responsibility to the silly people like Mr. Gray who believe that art should illuminate life.

Contrary to Mr. Werner's misreadings, Mr. Gray does not advocate censorship; he does not ignore all American painters except the abstract expressionists; and he does not deny that a great artist may be concerned with himself. Mr. Gray only asks that egotism should not be narcissism.

For what an artist (and an American scholar) should be, read Cleve Gray; for what they should not be, read Alfred Werner.

DEXTER MARTIN
University of Alabama
University, Alabama

* * *

Since not quite all comparisons are odious, may I say that the article by Robert L. Heilbroner, "The Impasse of American Optimism," is the most timely and valuable in the Winter issue.

However (you are accustomed to *but*'s and *however*'s, of course), if he had added two words "and egotism" nearly every time he wrote "optimism," his truths would have been even more outstanding. Or, he might have coined *ego-optimism*, or *opti-egotism*, which together almost invariably bring about the provinciality and blindness to reality that he so rightly says we suffer from as a nation. And all these, in turn, account for the globe-dotted military arrogance and the wasteful billions it means, far beyond our defense needs and disgusting to the world.

JOHN R. KEISTER
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

* * *

Readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR deserve something better under the title, "A Critical Look at Psychology," than the article by Stanley Edgar Hyman [Winter, 1959-60]. Although a lay discussion of a scientific enterprise need not match the technical intimacy with which the scientist himself might discuss it, the journal of a learned society might at least expect that a presentation by an educated layman, even a literary critic, would properly identify the field and its professional representatives before presuming to subject them to a critical review.

The extent of Mr. Hyman's misinformation is illustrated by the fact that of the roughly eleven personalities discussed critically by him, only two (Erikson and Fromm) are current and live members of the professional association of American psychologists (the American Psychological Association). Several others are important in the history of psychology generally but have limited influence on its practice today. Most of the discussion, in fact, is aimed at other fields, ranging from legitimate professions such as psychiatry and psychoanalysis, through enterprises of doubtful scientific stature such as parapsychology, to outright quackery as exemplified by the quotations attributed to Bergler. There is little of the mainstream of American psychology in Hyman's material.

It is particularly annoying to be attacked for "the arrogance and self assurance that seem to go with an M.D. in the field"—

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when very few psychologists hold that degree. Most psychologists hold a Ph.D.

It is always misleading to present an article like Mr. Hyman's out of context. The responses of the psychologists who participated in the symposium with Mr. Hyman might have corrected some of his most obvious errors. One might have hoped, of course, that after having participated in the professional meeting Mr. Hyman would have corrected such errors himself.

Unfortunately, it is this kind of ignorance and confusion which sustains the charlatans and quacks who peddle their wares in the yellow pages of the telephone directory, as well as the more subtle errors of the half-informed who crank out the emotionally stereotyped solutions to human problems characteristic of TV serials and Sunday supplements. If there is a sequel to Mr. Hyman's aborted effort, may we hope that you will insist that the author have done at least enough research in his subject to know what it is?

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* * *

Perhaps Mr. Hyman is correct in saying that it is a presumption to criticize a field not one's own. Particularly disturbing was his third criticism of present-day psychology: ". . . I should like to note the tendency of American psychology toward oversimplification, its apparent preference for the reductive and the mechanistic rather than the complex tangled bank of life."

In support of his charge Mr. Hyman claims that the experimental psychologists eliminate unquantifiable factors in their hunger for statistics and that clinical psychologists are interested simply in tests distinguishing between different types of people without a thought about explaining the efficacy of their methods.

Unfortunately there is no attempt to name some of the so-called "factors not capable of quantification." And the accusation that clinical psychologists show no interest in explaining why diagnostic tests work is just not true.

Indeed, Mr. Hyman's preference for the "complex tangled bank of life" over the "reductive" and the "mechanistic" makes one wonder whether he has any understanding of scientific method whatsoever. Surely he does not mean to resurrect the mechanism-vitalism controversy; that old debate has long since ceased to be of interest within scientific disciplines although it is making a last stand in sophomore philosophy of science courses.

And "reduction" is a mainstay of scientific method. That is, investigation has always proceeded by holding some parameters of a given phenomenon constant while varying others. The very difficulty encountered in establishing psychological laws is that the phenomena dealt with admit of so many variables that it is well-nigh impossible to isolate the effects of a few while assuming that the rest are of no consequence in the experiment at hand. Rather than criticize psychologists for being reductive, I say let them be more so.

No, Mr. Hyman, you cannot embarrass psychology by hurling epithets at it. Display evidence disproving its findings or demonstrate some specific error in its approach. But do not think a science can proceed by rushing headlong into "the complex tangled bank of life" without regard for the principles by which its forerunners have attained their present status.

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* * *

There is something wrong with Stanley Edgar Hyman's critical squint at psychology. Is he an artist resisting the authoritarianism of a science—or, is he a scientist scorning the mystique of an art? He does both in his article, and yet he says, ". . . the whole world needs a better, more profound, and more influential psychology." Is he suggesting a *better structured* mystique, or a non-mystical science of man in which he, man, will somehow give uniform and pre-

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dictable responses to stimuli? If he believes in the latter then he has faith in the science of measurement, which is currently breaking down, whereas the art of measurement continues to flourish. Or, is he an intellect so burdened with its own cerebrations that he had abdicated the goal of the first-class citizen of the universe, the artist, and is content to become a thoroughly second-class man—a critic? Maybe he should stop thinking for awhile and try a few quick finger paintings. "Know thyself," and no malice intended.

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* * *

The A.A.U.P. code of academic freedom, declares Howard Mumford Jones [AS: Winter, 1959-60], "inevitably postulates an opposition" between administrators and faculty. But both parties, he insists, serve the national interest. How then, one wonders, can they be opposed?

The answer is to be found, I think, only in the author's presuppositions. For the state he visualizes—a "more complicated mechanism than was Plato's ideal republic" —bears the Greek trademark. Essentially two in one, it is at once mundane and divine.

State One, the Mr. Hyde of the pair, exists; it is the state *such as*; muddling, historical, leviathanic, "democratic," it is scarcely exalting to contemplate. State Two, on the other hand, the Dr. Jekyll, is the state *as such*; it is the Socratic "pattern laid up in heaven"; aristocratic and orderly, thoroughly intelligible, it leaves little to be desired, excepting earthly realization.

Since the political entity administrators are especially mindful of what is obviously State One, while that contemplated by the professors, sustaining scholarly pursuits that wither and die at the mere suggestion of paternalism, is State Two, the question poses no serious problem. The two are opposed because the former represent the state as it is, the latter the state as it ought to be. And until administrators undergo a change of heart, until they too come to revere the "pattern laid up in heaven," we may reasonably expect this opposition to continue.

Whether "the popular mind can be brought to accept" this theory of academic freedom, as Professor Jones believes, I would hesitate to guess. In any case such a theory, besides being antiquated, mystical, nationalistic and snobbish, is unnecessary to the defense of academic freedom. For true scholars and teachers can repudiate allegiance to those whose wisdom they question without thereby departing this world, can transcend responsibility to provincial values without, by the same token, transcending responsibility. For unlike Plato's, today's State One is a manifest part of a political whole encompassing the earth. Its professors need not look for State Two in the skies; for not in heaven but in the larger constituency of humanity is adumbrated for us the philosopher's ideal, and no special insight is needed to discover either it or its worthiness as an object of loyalty.

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* * *

Sharing Mr. Ornstein's concern over "The Crisis in Language Training" [AS: Winter, 1959-60], and admiring his historical perspective in viewing this inadequacy in our educational system, I was shocked by the last paragraph of his article. Why must responsible critics feel that they can range themselves on the side of the angels only by alluding nastily to "life adjustment" courses in the public schools?

If Mr. Ornstein were alone in his compulsion to take a gratuitous swing at a straw man, I would not bother commenting upon this unnecessary pugilism, but I think it about time that such irresponsible statements were omitted from serious and constructive discussions of educational problems.

In 1947, the United States Commissioner of Education appointed a Commission on Life Adjustment Education for Youth. One aim of the Commission was to reform secondary education to meet the needs of all the students attending high schools, not only the needs of those who were going on

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to college. Another was to emphasize particularly those aspects of any subject that would help in dealing with the practical problems of life. Theoretically, these aims should not conflict with any that Mr. Ornstein propounds in his article. In practice, these aims occasionally took the form of one or a series of required courses entitled "Life Adjustment" that were a conglomeration of psychology, sociology, anthropology, with a pinch of group therapy and guidance thrown in, and with very little carry-over into an otherwise traditional curriculum. These life adjustment courses were perhaps the fault of the Commission itself; however, by the end of its first decade of existence the Commission gave very few signs of life, and to say that these misguided attempts figure "prominently" in school curricula is to create a straw man of immense proportions.

I cannot believe, however, that Mr. Ornstein would like to align himself with those particular angels who use the words "life adjustment" sarcastically, propagandistically and inaccurately to condemn all courses other than those in reading, writing and arithmetic. If not, then it behooves Mr. Ornstein, if he does believe that there are some unnecessary courses, to define just what courses he means to eliminate in order to make room for his language program. I suggest that he should also be familiar enough with the actual situation in our schools today to realize that what is needed is positive rather than negative action. We need to make language teachers and language teaching materials available all over the country, not to fill curricular gaps that will be left yawning by abandoned "life adjustment" courses, but to fill gaps that existed long before "life adjustment" stood for all our many sins of omission and commission in education.

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* * *

The unfortunate mixture of class notions with the political and philosophical themes in Gerald Johnson's "Laus Contemptionis" [AS: Autumn, 1959] is as frequent as it is saddening.

One may legitimately argue that with the growth of an urban-industrial culture (the very success of which is due to the adherence to practical, go-getter values), the quality of contemplation, of reflective solitude, call it if you will privacy, has lost much of its force as an ideal. One cannot deny that the increased opportunity for self-expression by great masses of people, hitherto kept silent and "in their place," has exposed the privacy of any one individual to invasion by endless activities or curiosity of the others. In such conditions, if individualism and privacy are to survive, and they must, they will have to be hardened by the courage of standing upright in the face of intrusion. Stamina of such quality would be vastly superior to the false orneriness that depends for its survival on never being hard-pushed.

But to equate privacy with aristocratic aloofness, and the lack of it with mass society, is to serve no other purpose than to bare one's pathological biases. To an individualist there is no such thing as a mass, far less a swinish one. There are only people, some wiser, some rather silly, some conditioned to a little more and some to a little less endurance. The creed of equality postulates that the privilege of privacy be extended to them all. It believes that all deserve it. It does not deny the validity of old virtues. It merely bids them to become universal. It demands that all rights be reciprocal, all chances even, all aggression open to retaliation.

Thus if in this age Mr. Johnson claims an unrestrained right to feel contempt for others, let us hope that he will bear with good grace the contempt of this reader. An aristocratic snicker may be lofty if found in a Jewish rabbi, elegant in an English puckasahib, even charming in a Polish nobleman. But in an American journalist it is fantastically out of place. It would be grievous were it not funny.

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